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A Successful Life.

THE
LIFE OF
JAMES
MILTON

BY
JAMES
MILTON

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LIFE OF
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MILTON

BY
JAMES
MILTON

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THE BEQUEST OF
JOSEPH HENRY THAYER
LATE PROFESSOR IN THE SCHOOL

20 March 1902







Eliashit Adams

BANGOR, MARCH 13. 1855.

J. H. ISLER & CO. LITH. BOSTON

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A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

ELIASHIB ADAMS,

BORN AT CANTERBURY, CONN., JUNE 6TH, 1778;

DIED AT BANGOR, MAINE, AUGUST 28TH, 1855.

BANGOR:

PRINTED BY BENJAMIN A. BURR.

1871.

1977

(977)

NOTE.

To G. E. A., J. C. A., and A. C. A.

MY DEAR BROTHERS :

At last, silencing if not subduing all doubts, scruples, and terrors of book-making, I have decided to give these precious "Reminiscences" to the printer.

It is true the author had no such plan. Two or three weeks before he left us for his heavenly home, placing in my hand the book in which we had seen him writing, occasionally, during the year, he said, "I have thought of burning this, but conclude on the whole I am willing my children should see it." He did not know what a life he had portrayed; a life not varied by startling incident, nor illustrated by great worldly ambitions and successes, but influenced and controlled by the truth of God—full of the faith and patience of the saints.

Our eyes, which for so many years looked reverently upon the living man, can doubtless see more in these pages than could those of a stranger; yet it seems to me no one, with an earnest mind, could read them without receiving an impulse to throw off the yoke of selfish maxims; and adopt, as the rule of life, the law of God—the old commandment and the new. However this may be, neither we nor our children, nor our children's children can

afford to lose our father's partial record of "the way in which God had in mercy led him for more than eighty years."

And so, at last I have said to myself, "not many men attain to the number of his years. Not many of those who do, lead through all vicissitudes, to the end, an upright, godly life. Not many of these leave any written testimony for the gratification and benefit of those who come after them. The manuscript was left with me. I will do what I can to preserve it. I will print it"—not wholly, for some pages would better continue in their original privacy; not absolutely without change, for the arrangement of some paragraphs is altered, and, with regard to a single circumstance, outside the range of personal experience, a mistake is corrected.

You know we never asked a testimonial from any one, but it seems right and pleasant that the spontaneous tribute from some who knew him should accompany the "Reminiscences." Professor Shepard's two sermons, so characteristic in their style, are certainly worth preserving in their original connection. One hitherto unwritten word I am inclined to record here; a word which he who uttered it on a certain public occasion, was justly sure would find a response in the hearts of all who heard him. Having alluded to "one who has left us," he added this only—"I am not going to pronounce a eulogy. It will be long before the name of *Eliashib Adams* will be less than eulogy."

E. L. C.

BANGOR, Dec. 30, 1870.

BANGOR, March, 1854.

Reminiscences of Eliashib Adams the fourth, born in Canterbury, Conn., June 6, 1773, the fifth from Henry Adams, of Braintree, Mass., and the sixth from Miles Standish, whose great grand-daughter married Eliashib Adams, son of Edward, son of Henry.


ERRATA.

Page 64, for 1828 read 1825.

Page 66. It having been suggested that a mistake occurs in the list of names on page 66, I would say—it appears from records that Mr. John Barker, while he was a leader in the formation of the *Central Congregational Society*, was not, for some forgotten reason, one of the twelve who constituted the *Central Church* at its organization, but came in by letter two weeks later. Mr. Henry S. Brown also then appears for the first time. Instead of these two, the names of Richard Thurston and S. D. Thurston should be inserted.

E. L. C,

Page 68, for 1792 read 1796, and for second read third.



MY DEAR CHILDREN :—

I have never written a book, and have no qualifications for the undertaking which would promise success, but as one of your number has desired me to record what I have learned of my ancestors, and to write something of an autobiography, I have concluded to attempt it. I have very few records to guide me, and must depend principally on memory, which at my age must be greatly impaired. I will endeavour to give the plain, unvarnished facts according to the best of my knowledge, and recollection of the relation given me in early life by my greatly honoured father.

I shall commence with Henry Adams, the first of our ancestors who settled in this country, and follow the descent through the line of Edward, one of Henry's sons, to my father, together with a brief account of my father's family and the way that God has in great mercy led me for more than eighty years.

Your affectionate father,

ELIASHIB ADAMS.

BANGOR, March 23, 1854.

REMINISCENCES.

Henry Adams, our Puritan ancestor, with his family, came to this country from England, and settled in Braintree, now called Quincy, Massachusetts, in the year 1630. I know not whether he was considered a godly man, but from the fact that he was so early a settler, there is no doubt he came for conscience sake. It is said that he had seven sons, most or all of whom came with him, and their posterity has now become very numerous. One of the sons of Henry was called Edward, one of whose sons was named Eliashib, the first of the name within my knowledge, since the High Priest. From him we have descended. Eliashib, son of Edward, married the great grand-daughter of Miles Standish, which I learned, not only by tradition, but by a deed of land which I have read, given by Miles Standish, of Preston, Conn., grand-son to the renowned Captain, "to his well beloved son-in-law, Eliashib Adams." Eliashib the first settled in Bristol, Mass. I do not know of his having more than one son. Him he called after his own name. Eliashib the second married a Miss Tracy, of Preston, where he resided till the time of his death, which was A. D. 1734. He left one only son, my father, who was called after his name, and four daughters, all of

whom lived to have families. My father, Eliashib Adams third, was about seven years old when his father died. After the death of my grandfather, my grandmother married again a man of the same name, Adams, and removed to Canterbury, Conn. Her daughter born there married Judge Felch, and lived on Canterbury Green—so called—as long as I used to visit the place. My grandmother with all her children, except my father, lived from the time of their first removal to Canterbury till the time of their death, in that town; and there are now a great number of their descendants remaining, known by almost all the names that are to be found in the place.

Soon after the death of my grandfather my father went to live with Dr. Perkins, of Preston, with whom he remained seven years. At the age of fourteen, in 1741, he was bound an apprentice to Esquire Huntington, of Norwich, Conn., to learn the weaver's trade. At the age of sixteen years, under the preaching of Father Lord, upon whose ministry he attended—a most godly man, who preached about sixty-five years to the same people and their descendants—my father obtained a hope in Christ, which never forsook him while he lived. He served out his apprenticeship, soon after which he laid aside the shuttle, as a means of support, and took up his residence in Canterbury with his mother and family. In 1751, as appears by the records, he united with the Congregational church, then under the pastoral charge of Rev. James Cogswell, and very early was chosen deacon. It does not appear that he resigned his office or removed his

relation until the year 1797, when he removed with mother and sister Chloe, all the family then remaining, to Worthington, Mass. From that time he passed his days very usefully in Worthington, until his death in August, 1801, being seventy-four years old. He was a man of naturally brilliant talents, was early noticed and called to fill a different place in society from what himself or his friends anticipated. He had the manners and used the language of a gentleman liberally educated, and had the confidence of all who knew him. He was early engaged in public life, and his popularity continued until his death. He was a member of the convention of the State of Connecticut before the Revolution commenced, and when the resolve was passed to resist the unjust demands of the British government he was one of those who said "yea." (Many of the delegates, on hearing the vote declared in the affirmative, left the hall and never returned.) For many years in succession he represented the town in the general assembly of the State, when the compensation would not pay his board. He had a valuable house and farm in Canterbury, near the first Parish meeting-house, but when the war closed his property was all gone, and he with a family to support and deeply in debt. But although he had lost his property he had a character left which was worth more than gold; and by his exertions and the blessing of a kind Providence, he was enabled to see his honest debts paid before he was called away. He enjoyed good health for many years till about two weeks before his death, when he gradually, without much pain or apparent disease, sunk down and died, in full hope of a blessed

immortality, through the blood of the Cross. He was born near the close of July, old style, but after the new style commenced his birth-day came in August.

At the age of twenty-four years my father married a Miss Phillips. They had one son and four daughters, all of whom but one, a daughter, lived to past the meridian of life. The first-born, a son, who was named Elijah, was a physician of some eminence, was with Gen. Putnam at the battle of Bunker hill. He left the army soon after, and followed his profession at Chesterfield, Mass. From thence he removed into a place called Livingston's manor, or The Nine Partners, in the State of New York. He never married, lived very retired, and seldom visited the family. He died many years since. One of the daughters died young. The other three were married, and each had several children, but were called to endure much trouble, occasioned by the intemperance of their husbands.

"Their husbands" were respectable men, "had supported a very desirable character," but "became intemperate," and then followed the deterioration, degradation, misery, which generally results in such cases. Perhaps the scenes of cruel suffering which our father witnessed or heard of in this elder branch of the family, had much to do with the resolution which he made while a young man, and did not break in after life, never to join his friends in partaking of wine or intoxicating drinks. Long years before a temperance society was thought of he had quietly but firmly set his face against the habit of even moderate drinking. Not that he adopted the principle of total abstinence in its severest sense. There were, no doubt, cases in which he thought it right to use stimulants; but

these occasions were with him so rare that one can scarcely be remembered. He used to say he dared not drink even by medical advice, lest he should soon need such advice again. Yet he, if any man, might have ventured, because he had more self-control than most. It was his principle and habit to be temperate in all things. He came to the table with a thankful heart, partook cheerfully of what might be set before him, but indulged in no favorite dishes, and "went away as he came, with a good appetite."

My father after the death of his first wife, I believe in the year 1767, married Mrs. Molly Annable, of Scotland, the east parish in Windham, Conn., the daughter of Timothy Webb. She had had two children, a son named Nathaniel, and a daughter who died in infancy.

Nathaniel lived to be about forty years old, married a Miss Barstow, of Canterbury.

They had five daughters and two sons. I will mention a fact—though I put no confidence in dreams or visions—which was something remarkable. Some years before his death, I heard him say that he should live to be about forty years of age, but should not pass it. I do not know the month of his birth, but in his fortieth or the commencement of the forty-first year he spent an evening with his mother Barstow, who lived half a mile from him, and was noticed to appear remarkably well and cheerful. About nine o'clock he left for home. About two hours after a person passing saw something lying in the road which arrested his attention. Upon examination it was found to be brother Annable. He was unable to speak. He was carried to his house, but soon expired.

My grandfather Webb descended from Mr. Webb who settled a neighbor to Edward Adams, in Braintree. My parents used to speak of him as a most godly man. My mother used to relate many anecdotes of him which gave evidence of remarkable faith ; and the blessing of Heaven, both temporal and spiritual, has rested on many of his descendants.

My mother's family were remarkable for their longevity. Her parents I have been told had nine children. One of them died young ; the other eight lived to a great age. If I recollect right, neither of the parents or eight children died under the age of eighty years. My mother was eighty-seven when she died, March, 1826.

The younger branch of my father's family, to which I belong, consisted of five children, one daughter and four sons.

The first, a son, born A. D. 1768, who died very young. The second, a daughter named Chloe, born in 1770. She was a most dutiful daughter, affectionate sister and friend, and devotedly pious. She was married in 1806 to Dr. Moses Brewster, of Worthington, a widower with a large family. Not long after the birth of her only daughter, Lucy, he died, leaving my sister in charge of his family, and of our mother, from whom she had never been separated, nor indeed ever was until mother's death. The death of Lucy probably hastened that of mother. Sister told me she was frequently awakened in the night by her sobs, and found that her grief was occasioned by the thought that she must soon leave her kind, widowed daughter alone.

My mother years before, when I visited her, used to speak of death without expressing any fear or anxiety. She was waiting God's time to take her home. She retained her powers of body and mind until her death; the manner of which was so remarkable that I will endeavor to give an account of it, as related to me by my sister. On her last day she arose early, as usual, and soon after remarked, "I am in no pain, but I am dying. My pulse has done beating." Chloe felt her wrist, but could not discover any motion. Yet as mother was about the house, as usual, and did not appear to suffer at all, she thought there could be no occasion of alarm. After dinner Chloe persuaded her to lie down for a short time. She then arose and sat up till about eight o'clock in the evening. During the day mother repeated that she was in no pain, but was dying; and towards night added that her heart had done beating. About eight o'clock in the evening Chloe went to assist her in putting on her night clothes, and getting into bed as usual. She kneeled on the side of the bed in her usual manner, lay down, and was dead. She never straightened nor groaned.

The third child of my parents, Eliashib, (fourth,) was born June 6, 1773.

His mother's answer to those who wondered at her wish to perpetuate so strange a name, was "the Lord has blessed it."

The fourth child, Ashur, was born Aug., 1777. The fifth, Chester, Jan., 1780. Ashur is now residing in Roxbury, and Chester in Charlestown, Mass. [Not there now, in 1870.]

Our sister died fifteen years since, at the house of Rev. Henry Adams, of Worthington, son of brother Chester, and was buried in the cemetery there beside our parents.

* * * * *

My religious instruction when young was principally at home. My father lived but a few rods from the meeting-house. It was then common, in country towns, for those who lived at a distance to tarry at noon and go into some house near by to pass the intermission. Two or three old gentlemen, father's particular friends, among whom was the venerable Deacon Herrick—I can see him now with his brown wig—used to come to our house and pass the time in religious conversation, in which I took a deep interest. Deacon Herrick always noticed me with much apparent affection, which induced me to pay more particular attention to their profitable conversation; from which I early received great benefit. My parents, especially my mother, took great pains early to impress the great truths of the bible on the minds of their children. They were not unlike Zacharias and Elizabeth, “both righteous before God, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.” There was one thing, however, in their religious belief, in which they could not agree. But they agreed to differ. My father conscientiously believed that Saturday evening was holy time. Mother was as fully convinced that the Sabbath evening ought to be kept. So they agreed to observe both; and uniformly had all their labor done by sun-

set on Saturday, and re-commenced on Monday morning. My father always carried on some farming, but never contrived to have works of necessity to do, on Saturday evening or the Sabbath. He read the commandment "In earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest," "In haying time and in harvest." If on Saturday he had a neighbor to help him, he always dismissed him in season to reach his house before sunset. I should not at this time have so distinct a recollection of these facts, had it not been for a departure from his rule in a single instance, which I will mention. In the autumn of 1791, or 2, —which I now forget—when I was eighteen or nineteen years of age, on a Saturday I was directed to commence digging a field of potatoes, and leave them in the field. It was a very warm, pleasant day, but just at night it became very cold, and it was evident the potatoes would be injured if thus exposed. Father said to me, "Eliashib, you must yoke the oxen and get in those potatoes: they will be frozen if left out. Remember this is the first time I ever called on you to do any labor on Saturday, after sunset."

Though grace does not come by natural descent, yet pious, judicious parents exert a powerful influence over their children. Such parents will be beloved, and love is strong as death.

Almost any child can be drawn, but none can be driven to do their duty cheerfully, where there is no love for him who commands.

The love of a child to its kind, affectionate parent, gives

more power to resist temptation than anything else short of the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Spirit.

I can well remember the power my parents had over me when a small child. They widely differed from those who say that children ought not to be restrained, when young, but believed in that obsolete saying of the wise man, "the rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Although they required strict obedience to their commands, they manifested so much affection that I could not doubt that they required nothing but what would be for my benefit, and could not but confide in, and love and study to please them.

From my first recollection the daily godly walk of my parents convinced me that religion was the principal thing. When I was not more than four or five years old I distinctly recollect staying at home on Sabbath with my mother, who was so deaf as to be wholly unable to hear preaching, sitting by her side and listening to the story of the Saviour's sufferings with the deepest emotion.

She, as other good mothers do, taught me many infant hymns and prayers, which I have ever remembered and still frequently repeat.

I shall never forget the old trundle-bed, that in the morning used to be run under mother's bed for the day and at evening drawn out for my repose. One evening when I was about five years old, my mother, at the usual time, put me to bed. I lay quietly repeating to myself my hymns and prayers, I should think for hours. At length

the family all retired. My parents had long been in bed, and were asleep. I still continued awake ; had repeated my prayers over and over without any relief. I knew that I was a sinner, and none but Christ could help me, but did not know how to ask him. At length I called father and waked him, and told him my trouble that prevented my going to sleep. I wanted to feel that God was my father, and that he would take care of me, but did not know how to ask him ; and desired him to teach me how to pray. Father told me there was no need of any form, but to go to God as I would come to him, and ask for just what I wanted in my own way, and he would hear and understand me, and attend to my wants. This answer gave me relief. I knew that my father loved me, and would not neglect or deceive me, and if I could go to God as my father, it was all I wanted ; and soon sunk into a quiet sleep.

I recollect several incidents which show the mercy of God to me, in holding me back from the commission of those actual transgressions into which the young are very liable to fall. In the time of the revolutionary war, some friend of mine made and gave me a wooden gun, to assist in achieving our independence. One Sabbath, remaining at home with my mother, when about seven years old, I thought I would just take my gun and try it, and see if I could drive back the "regulars," if they should appear. I took my gun, marched out into the garden, cocked it, and took aim, as though the enemy were approaching, and said, bang ! Out flew a bullet from my gun, as I thought, and

I had no doubt that the wicked one had come to aid me, as I was breaking the Sabbath. I went back into the house, self-condemned, put away my gun, and have no recollection of ever taking it into my hands again.

The fear of grieving my parents, if not of offending God, had a powerful influence in restraining me from outward transgression. If at any time tempted to commit any criminal act, the reflection, "how would my parents grieve to know me guilty of such conduct," would be sufficient to deter me from the commission. By the grace of God I have been kept from all those transgressions of which the law of man has cognizance; but have abundant cause to humble myself before God and man, not only for the sin of heart, but of life. I have for almost sixty years professed to know God, but have never lived up to my covenant obligations, and have reason to fear that many have been lost through my neglect of duty.

To return to my early days. I have professed great regard for my parents, but well recollect my most unkind treatment of my mother the winter after I was eleven years old—being sixty-nine years the last winter. My father was from home, and it was severely cold weather. My daily business was to take care of the barn, chop and get in the wood which lay out in the snow, having no shed—such a building was scarcely to be found in those days—and wallow through the snow a mile to school. There was very little traveling, and the snow was usually very deep. I returned from school just at night, cold and tired, and had as much as I could do before dark. My mother

called on me to do some chore, which interfered with my plans, and greatly displeased me. I do not recollect my reply, but it was very impertinent. She said nothing more at the time, but when the family had gathered around the hearth in the evening, mother with great tenderness and apparent grief, reminded me of the disrespectful language in which I replied to her reasonable request. I felt the force of her remarks very painfully, but could not reply. Soon after, I retired to bed, where I lay greatly distressed, reflecting on my undutiful conduct to so kind a mother. Some time after, father, who had been absent during the day, returned. At the usual hour the family retired, but I still lay awake for hours, almost in despair on account of my base treatment of my mother. I could not rest without her forgiveness, and how to obtain it I did not know. She was very deaf, and although my bedroom adjoined the room in which my parents slept, if I called I could not make her hear, and the family, I supposed, were all sound asleep. I concluded I must have her forgiveness, or before morning I should be beyond the reach of mercy. I called father and awoke him, and in agony told him how unkindly I treated mother that evening, and that I did not dare to go to sleep without her forgiveness. He kindly waked mother and told her what I said. To my joy she was as ready to forgive me as I was ready to be forgiven. Ever after that painful night I was careful to treat my parents with due respect, and have no recollection of receiving reproof from either of them for unkindness or disobedience afterward.

Happy old man ! who looking back through a period of

almost seventy years, with a self-accusing spirit ready to condemn the slightest fault he had been guilty of as a great sin against God, yet to whose vision arose no more revolting sight than that of a little boy eleven years old, already burdened with the cares of manhood, who weary, hungry and cold, had returned, just at night, through the deep snow from the school-house, where his feet had ached and his teeth had chattered all the day long, and who having "as much as he could do before dark," was led to make an impatient reply when his mother called him to some additional labor. Happy old man who could add, "I have no recollection of receiving reproof from either of my parents for unkindness or disobedience afterward."

I had from early childhood a very great abhorrence of profanity, and if I ever heard a boy use profane language, marked him, and would have nothing to do with him.

In the summer of 1783, when I was ten years old, I was deeply impressed with my condition as a lost sinner, and was very desirous of talking with some one who could tell me what I must do to be saved, but was too diffident to introduce the subject, and no one said anything to me about it. My parents, with all their piety, failed in their duty to their children in this respect. They could converse with any one else with regard to a personal interest in the Saviour, but for their children they could do little more than pray, and hold up the gospel as worthy of all acceptance.

One can but query if these parents failed in their duty to their children, where are the faithful ones?

At the time above referred to, I used to look with wonder

to see people so constantly and zealously engaged to gain a little of this world, which was so fleeting and unsatisfying. I never looked forward with any anxiety to become rich or great in the estimation of the world. I have met with losses and disappointments in my journey, but have been more prosperous than I anticipated or hoped for when I set out. Although I have been very poor, I have never known what it is to want food or raiment, home or friends.

My employment from a boy till of age, was principally farming. I had the opportunity of attending such schools as were kept in those days three or four months in a year, till I was ten years old, and after that seven or eight weeks in a year, until fifteen or sixteen.

Here follows something about a school-house, not left in his own hand-writing, but taken down from his lips as he gave it to one of his grandchildren.

Children of these days would not think the school-houses in which I prosecuted my studies were very attractive. I remember one of them distinctly. It was a wooden building about twenty feet square, underpinned at the four corners with common stones. It was boarded, clapboarded, the roof shingled, and an outer door, no porch or entry, at the south-east corner. It had a loose floor made of unplained boards, and a ceiling of the same, a chimney in one corner built of rough stone. There was a long writing-table reaching across one side and one end of the room, and the scholars sat on both sides of the table,

facing each other. They had no desks or drawers, nothing of the kind. The idea of being comfortable there, never entered our minds. While we wrote, our ink would freeze in our pens, so that we were frequently obliged to hold them up to our mouths, and thaw it with our breath. The school was kept three months in summer by a woman, and three months in winter by a man. The children were expected to attend in summer until they were eight or ten, and in winter till they were twelve or fifteen.

The winter following my seventeenth birth-day, I was examined by the "authority and selectmen of Canterbury," at their legal meeting, and recommended as "a young gentleman of good moral character, well qualified to instruct in the various branches of literature usually taught in public schools." Thus qualified and recommended, I entered upon the business of school-teaching as my employment in winter, and labored at farming in summer, till the spring of 1794, just before I had completed my twenty-first year.

I think about the last of March, 1794, I left my father's house in company with William Bingham, a neighbour with whom I was intimate, with four or five dollars spending money, a small bundle of clothing, good health and spirits, and no doubt of success. A friend had trusted me with a colt two years old, which could carry my bundle, and allow me an occasional ride, when I became

tired of walking. It may be thought to have been a rash adventure, but I was at that time the only child my parents had to lean upon. Nothing could be expected from the first class of children. They had all gone from home and settled down for themselves. Brother Ashur was very feeble, and could perform but little labor. Chester was seven years younger than myself, and not rugged. My parents were advanced in life, and the time my father, many years before, had determined, should his life be continued, to retire from public business, was at hand; he being then about sixty-seven years of age. He had not the constitution which God had in mercy granted me. He had paid about all his debts which he contracted during the revolution, his labours were drawing to a close, and all the property he had would not have brought three hundred dollars.

I loved and honoured my parents, and took as much pleasure in doing what I could for their happiness, as in after time for my children. I never thought, in those days, of depending on my brothers to help provide for the support of my parents.

Although the idea of depending on his brothers "never entered his mind," it is but just to say here none of that family ever felt they had done enough to testify their filial love and reverence.

The daughter with whom the widowed mother resided to the last, never thought of doing less than all she could for her comfort. And for the two younger sons, going forth at an early age to make their way in the world, the

frequent letters so joyfully received, so proudly and carefully preserved, the new books so eagerly perused by that mother whose eyes at eighty-seven were good, without glasses, and to whom reading had been the more necessary because she had been deaf for half a century, the money not used but laid aside because perhaps the "good boy" who sent it might need himself, the visits not so many as could have been wished, but as frequent as the stringent claims of business and family cares would permit, were constantly recurring proofs that they did not forget their mother, nor despise her when she was old.

I was naturally inclined to look on the bright side. My health was good, I was acquainted with farming, liked the business, and thought I could do as much labour as any man. And if my life and health should be spared, I could purchase a lot of land somewhere back in the country, make a farm, remove my parents and sister on to it, and, with a blessing, render them comfortable during their remaining days. When I proposed leaving home I did not (as usual) let my parents know my plans. It was enough to say I was desirous to take a journey, and see if something could not be found more promising than offered in Canterbury. My first object was to visit Worthington, Mass., which lay about eighty miles north-westerly from Canterbury, and advise with Deacon Marsh, my brother-in-law. The traveling being very bad, I remained there a few weeks, and laboured with a farmer, waiting for the roads to become settled. There was at that time, a young gentleman by the name of Jonathan Law Pomeroy, preaching as a candidate, under whose ministry some years after, I publicly professed my faith in Christ. I was introduced to Mr. Pomeroy,

who informed me that the autumn before, he had visited Whitestown, in the State of New York, which lies on the south side of the Mowhawk river, twelve miles this side of what is now and for more than fifty years has been, the city of Rome.

He was greatly pleased with the country, and while there was advised by Judge White—for whom the town was named—to purchase a lot of land in a new tract that had just been surveyed, lying about forty miles northerly from Whitestown, on the Black river, which empties into lake Ontario, at what is now called Sackett's Harbour. The name of the place where the land lay was Inman's Patent. Mr. Pomeroy employed a man by the name of Nathaniel Duston, who lived with Judge White and was acquainted with the lands, to make the selection, and paid fifty dollars towards the purchase, and as he had concluded not to return to that country to reside, would be glad to sell his right to the land. I closed the bargain with him, left my colt with the man that Mr. Pomeroy boarded with, to be sold, and fifty dollars from the sale to be paid him, and my note cancelled.

Soon after I settled with my employer, and made an arrangement with my fellow traveller, Bingham, who had determined to bear me company, to have his horse carry my baggage, and occasionally let me have a ride.

I now started with an object ahead. I had found a place for a home, and Bingham had determined to settle down by me, if we should be pleased with the country. We had now not far from two hundred miles to travel,

but I had several dollars more than when I left home.

At length I arrived at Whitestown, and, as I expected, found Mr. Duston at Judge White's. He recommended the land very highly, and gave me directions how to find it. After some conversation with him we pursued our journey up the river to Fort Stanwix, now and long has been the city of Rome.

The only dwelling-house then in the place was a tavern, kept by a man by the name of Barnard. I had spent several dollars after leaving Worthington, and before going into the woods for the summer, it was necessary to purchase various articles to camp out and work with. When I came to count my money, I found I had not enough to buy blankets, axes, provisions, etc., for the summer. I therefore concluded to stop and labour, and make up what was wanting. I made a bargain with Barnard to go into a cedar swamp, on Wood creek, and split cedar rails by the thousand, and had a very sorry time of it. The mosquitoes had just come out, without number or mercy, and I was obliged to work so as to sweat them off, or leave the ground. Wages at the highest were ten dollars a month. I laboured twelve days, and received for it twelve dollars and board.

I was then in funds to purchase all that at that time was necessary, except flour. Bingham put what he could on his horse, and we set out for the land of promise, each with a pack on his back, and an axe in his hand.

We followed on to the north three or four miles, to the end of the road, near which lived Capt. Fellows, who

owned a flour mill hard by. My money was all expended, and I had not a sufficient quantity of flour, was among strangers, and did not like to go into the woods without making provision for the summer. So I called on Capt. Fellows, told him my name, where from, and where going; that I was poor, had purchased a lot of land on Inman's Patent, and was going on to it to make a farm; and desired him to send me whatever flour or meal I might send for during the summer, and before I left the country, in the autumn, I would pay him. He looked at me a moment, and replied, "you may order what you please and I will supply you."

We then pursued our way northerly, following a marked line, fording streams, among which was the main branch of the Mohawk, about twenty miles; and just at night came to Duston's camp, which had been pointed out to us by the builder. Here we kindled a fire, turned out the horse to feed on herbage, which was very abundant, equal to a field of clover. Then after supper, we spread our bed of boughs and lay down and slept, like the laboring man, sweetly.

I rose early in the morning, took breakfast, and was soon on the line leading to my lot of land (No. 83,) looked over the lot, and was highly pleased with the soil, streams of water, &c., especially with a never failing spring of pure, sweet water, in the right place.

At once I made up my mind where to commence clearing. My friend was equally pleased with the appearance of the country, and determined to select a lot for a

farm. Two young men and their families had gone out before us, and from information from Mr. Duston, were located about two miles from me. After selecting a place to commence my clearing and to build my log house, we went in search of our neighbors, and found them snugly settled down in their camps with their families.

They were on adjoining lots. Their names were Butterfield and Topping. Each family consisted of husband and wife and two small children; and a brother living with Topping.

I will give a description of one of these camps, as I was soon obliged to resort to it, on account of sickness, which was brought on, I suppose, by exposure. Soon after I commenced clearing my land, I was taken with what used, in those days, to be called the camp distemper. Being alone, I found my situation very uncomfortable, and went to my neighbor Butterfield's, and asked and obtained leave to remain at his camp till my health should be improved, and that Mrs. Butterfield would make me herb tea, gruel, &c., as I might need.

There was no Doctor within twenty or thirty miles, and no road to get to him.

The back of the camp was raised three or four feet, by placing one log upon another, the ends raised in the same manner; a crotched stick placed in the ground at each end in front, on which was laid a pole horizontally, about eight feet from the ground, and from that pole, in front, were laid other poles descending from the front to the

logs in the rear. The roof was covered with bark, the front open to a fire burning night and day. The floor was made of split slabs laid on poles on the ground. The whole dwelling was about twelve or fourteen feet by eight. Of course there was but one room. The family all slept at one end, and in the event of having company, their guest must lie at the other end, and bring his own bed. I spread some evergreen boughs at the vacant end of the camp, and suffered much for a week or ten days, before I was able to do any thing but sit or lie about.

But God, who is rich in mercy, soon restored my health, and, with renewed strength and courage, I continued to labor on till I left in the autumn to return to my parents.

To return to my friend Bingham. He shortly purchased a lot of land about four miles from me—as all the land nearer was taken up or reserved. The most of the first summer we changed work. I cleared several acres of land, built a log house, and in the autumn took a job of clearing off a piece of land, enough to pay all the debts I had contracted there, including my bill at Capt. Fellows', and to pay my expenses to Canterbury.


Just before I set out for home, I received intelligence that a gentleman who had been acquainted with my father, and then lived in Whitestown, had been to Connecticut, and had seen my father, who sent by him a dollar, to help pay my expenses on my return. This, I believe, was the only time I heard from home after leaving early in the spring. There was not then a Telegraph, or even a mail, by which we could correspond. On my way to Whites-

town, I called and paid Capt. Fellows. Also called on the gentleman and received the dollar from my father, which was all the patrimony I ever received, and that was more than he was able to spare.

I then followed down the river to what is now the city of Utica, but at that time had but one small one story house, and was called Fort Schuyler. I there took a boat and run down the Mohawk to Schenectady, from there walked to Worthington, about eighty miles. I stopped at brother Marsh's to take a little rest; was invited to take their school, which I had the charge of the winter before. My colt, which I left in the spring, had been sold, and I took up my note to Mr. Pomeroy. I then hired a horse to go and see my parents, made them a short visit, and returned and kept the school for the winter. When my term expired, I visited my parents, and then returned to work on my land, and made out this summer to pay the balance due for it. This spring, 1795, a young man from Canterbury, Elijah Herrick, the son of the good deacon mentioned in the former part of this narration, went with me. He laboured with me three or four months, and was drowned in attempting to cross the Black river on a raft. I returned to my parents in the autumn, taught school in Canterbury through the winter, and returned the spring following with a hired man by the name of Randall, whose parents lived in Worthington, to assist me in putting my log house and farm in such order as would justify my removing my parents the winter following. We arrived at my anticipated home about the

first of March. I set Randall to prepare for making maple sugar. While he was thus engaged, I went to Whitestown to purchase sugar kettles and provisions for the summer. Just after I set out on my return, with a sled well loaded, drawn by a yoke of oxen, it commenced raining, which during the day carried off nearly all the snow. The night following it became very cold, and there fell about a foot of snow. The abundance of rain the day before, and the snow that followed, rendered it exceedingly hard traveling, and I got on this day about eight miles, having a very laborious time.

The second morning after I left Whitestown, I took breakfast before starting, and had then about four miles to travel before going into the woods, which was about twelve miles between houses. I had not got rested, and the travelling was much worse this day than the day before. About noon I stopped and took dinner and baited my oxen, and then passed on to the last house before entering the woods. It had got to be about sunset, and was extremely cold. I could go no further. My oxen were as poorly able as myself to do more that day. I therefore asked leave to put up for the night. I could not obtain a straw, or any thing for my oxen to eat, and this was the last house before entering the woods. I was so fatigued that I could not take any supper. There was no shelter for my oxen, and I chained them to a stump in the open field, and lay down and slept what I could. Early the next morning, I asked the woman to give me some breakfast as soon as possible, as I could obtain



nothing for my oxen till I should pass the woods. She said she could not do it till she had baked some bread. What should I do? It was about as far to the next house as I had travelled in the last two days. I had eaten nothing since noon the day before, and had not a mouthful of anything with me that I could eat. I made up my mind to go on immediately; yoked up, and started for the woods, and God in mercy went with me, and preserved my life. Some time before night, I came to the next house, where was straw and provender, and stopped, fed my oxen, took something to eat, and then set out for a camp about two miles further, which I reached early in the evening. The owner went with me to a stack of hay to fodder my oxen. I had become so worn out that I wished to crawl in under the stack, rather than return to the camp, but was prevented by the man who was with me. I returned and lodged in the camp, and the next day reached my camp, almost entirely exhausted. There I remained till the day following, but was so unwell that I left and walked back to my neighbor Topping's, about two miles distant, where I could have a kind woman to look after me. With much difficulty I reached Mr. Topping's, having become almost blind, and much exhausted. Mr. Topping called a man who was at work near the house—a kind of apology for a doctor—who came in and attempted to bleed me, opened veins in both arms, but produced no bleeding. I failed very fast; was laid on a bed, supposed to be dying. I had my reason fully, and thought so myself. I was in great agony for a

few minutes. All my sins rose up before me. I felt justly condemned, and was going to appear before God unprepared. In a moment I saw and felt the justice of my condemnation, and said within myself, "Thy will be done." My terrors left me, and the thought of living in sin, as I had done, appeared more dreadful than death. I bade those by my bedside farewell, closed my eyes, not expecting to open them again in time. From this moment I have no recollection of anything that took place, till some time the next day, when my reason returned, and I was able to get up and walk out. My health was not fully restored for several years after.

The above attack was followed by fever and ague, and I never enjoyed perfect health again till 1803, when I removed to Bucksport. I was not confined, however, all of one day, and shortly returned to my camp, where I continued till autumn, preparing my log house for the reception of my parents, the next winter. After leaving Topping's, I took up my lodgings in the sugar-camp with Randall, till the spring came on, and the sap ceased to run. I then removed into my log house, where I had resided the most of two summers before.

My children may be pleased to know what accommodations I had for housekeeping. I had no ornamental furniture, but all was necessary for comfort. It consisted of a kettle, bake-kettle, spider, dinner-pot, pail and dipper, two benches, a trough instead of barrels, fire-poker, pewter spoons, and pocket-knife. No tea-kettle or coffee-pot. Such articles were not needed in those days.

I was in the habit of the most rigid economy, that I might be able to make provision for the comfort of my parents, to whom I felt so deeply indebted for their kindness to me.

In addition to the articles mentioned above, I had one very important article of furniture—a swing bedstead. This was rendered necessary by a most troublesome insect, called a flea. A person may lodge comfortably on the ground in the woods for a night or two, in the same camp; but before he has been there long, there will be such a family gathering that none but a savage can endure it. Therefore, to sleep by myself, I was obliged to make me a frame without any legs, and swing it up by the beams of the house, raised about three or four feet from the ground, and thus, if careful, I could sometimes contrive to sleep alone. In preparing my bed, when about to retire, I never turned it over, as some folks do, as the smooth side lay up. It was made of the bark of an elm tree, of sufficient length and breadth for a man to stretch himself upon it. I never had any other bed in my house for the three summers I resided there.

After my very ill turn, I was remarkably happy: could not tell why, only that the Lord reigned. Some few weeks after my return to my camp, my old friend Duston, then living within about four miles of me, come to see me. I was so full of joy that I could not keep it to myself, but must tell him how pleasantly I was getting along. He

heard my story, and then replied with great feeling, calling me, in true Baptist style, "my brother." We had a very good prayer-meeting, and were very much attached ever after. My regard for my friend Duston almost made me a Baptist at the time. But for many years I have been fully established in the belief that infant baptism is an ordinance clearly appointed by God.

My sickness, in a pecuniary point of view, was a great benefit to me. The patent had been purchased by a company of gentlemen in Connecticut, with whom I was acquainted, and they employed me as their agent, which was worth much more to me than my labour could have been, had my health continued good. So I have found it all my days. My necessity has been God's opportunity.

I remained through the summer—though I found it inexpedient to retain Randall many months—was much of the time alone when at home. Those days were some of the most pleasant that I have enjoyed during my pilgrimage. Sometimes I did not see a person for several days together. Frequently, after taking a nap in the night, I have got up, lighted a torch, read, sung and prayed, I presume for an hour, and passed the time very happily, and did not feel the want of company.

I made comfortable provision for my parents, and set out for Canterbury in the autumn to remove them to my home, in the town then called Leyden, in the county, now, of Lewis, State of New York.

But this Black river expedition, these three years of privation and toil, cheered by filial love and duty, proved to be only an episode in the life of this devoted son. The log house on lot No. 83, town of Leyden, Lewis County, New York, was not destined to be a home for those honoured parents or himself. Having in a few words mentioned the entire change he found himself obliged to make in his plans while visiting his friends in Worthington—on his way to Canterbury—he says :

I could not, however, think of leaving my parents alone in their decline and poverty. On consultation, I concluded to purchase a small farm, near Deacon Marsh's, that was offered for sale, and remove my parents on to it, return to Leyden in the spring, settle up my concerns there, sell my property, and return to Worthington and look after my parents. I immediately made a bargain for the farm, and went down for my parents, who were expecting me. They were disappointed, on my account, that I had changed my plan, but were willing to remove to Worthington, as soon as I could help them on. In the winter I removed most of their furniture, and early in the spring took a wagon and removed the family to their new home. I was at the expense, and performed the labour personally, and cheerfully, without calling on any of the children to help me.

Soon after, I returned to Leyden, where I spent the summer of 1797, sold my farm, closed my business, as far as I could, and have never visited that town since. The summer of 1798, I made a journey to Whitestown on business, and have been west of Albany since only once, when I visited Schenectady.

After my return from Leyden, I continued with my

parents, and carried on the farm, but found my health was not perfectly restored; could not labour as I used to do before my illness, and it was necessary to engage in some other business. I had hitherto been successful, but with my feeble health was likely to find it too much to support the family from the produce of my farm. I finally purchased a small house and store in the principal village in the town, sold my farm, removed my parents into my new house, and commenced trading. I was successful in business for about two years. At length found myself deeply involved by the cunning and dishonesty of two men with whom I had been intimate, and considered my special friends; one of them a member of the church to which I belonged. He has for many years been numbered with the dead. I hope he may have been forgiven.

I had always, after I became of age, thought that I would not marry till I might have property that would promise a support. But before I discovered the losses that I was subjected to, had become so far engaged to your mother, that it was too late to break off. We were married in December, 1800, and immediately removed into the house with my parents, with whom we lived very pleasantly. Father died, August, 1801, as I mentioned before. His sickness was short, about two weeks, and not very painful. I gave up all business, and took care of him until he died. The last attempt he made to take a little drink, I put the spoon to his mouth, he opened it,

but did not swallow. He was dead. I closed his eyes. He died at peace with God and man.

I had strong hopes till some time after my father's death, that I should ultimately pay off all my liabilities, and have something left. I covered nothing, and was always ready to turn out anything I had to pay a debt; and never, within my recollection, asked any one to make a discount on an honest demand.

When I look back to those days, I am truly filled with wonder to see what I was carried through. God, in mercy, gave me—it seems to me now—more than human strength. Although, at the commencement of my troubles, I had been out of health for several years, I determined to leave no stone unturned, nor strength unimproved, till my honest debts were fully paid.

I had not a thought of being discouraged, or of failing to pay my debts.

I knew that a constant effort was necessary, and never neglected labour because I could not earn a dollar, if I could obtain four pence. Many an evening before I left Worthington, after a laborious day, I have walked a mile and a half to my oil mill, and there laboured alone through a winter's night, grinding and pressing flax-seed. So I laboured on till the autumn of 1802.

In the month of October, I was called on by a sheriff, with an execution of something near one hundred dollars, with orders to "collect or commit." It was out of my

power to pay it at the time, and I told him if he would give me a few days to make provisions for my family, I would be at his house in Northampton, on a certain day, and give him no further trouble than to commit me.

At the time appointed I left my house in good spirits, your mother cheering me up with "we shall do well enough yet." I called on Mr. Stoddard, the sheriff, who committed me "as the law directs."

I was confined within the small yard of the prison, containing perhaps a quarter of an acre, about five months.

When I was confined, I supposed I had property enough to pay my debts. But my debts continued to increase, and my property, in spite of all I could do, was lessening. I withheld nothing from my creditors, but turned out everything any of them would take in payment.

Some time in March, if I mistake not, I was legally discharged from my confinement and returned to my family. Brother Chester had been at home this winter, and took care of the family, so they were comfortably provided for.

I said I returned to my family. My family, beside my mother and sister—who would remain with brother Chester—was small, a wife and one little boy. But it was all the estate I had on earth, and it was very dear to me. I felt that I had something to do to provide for them, and to pay about fifteen hundred dollars I then owed. I determined at once I must find some other place of residence. I could never expect to support my family and pay my

debts—which were pressing upon me—and remain at Worthington.

I advised with my venerable friend Dr. Starkweather, who was intimately acquainted with Generals Knox and Cobb, of Maine, with whom he had been of the Governor's council for several years.

He advised me to visit Maine, and offered to give me letters of introduction to them, who he had no doubt would assist me.

No record is to be found of what resulted from Dr. Starkweather's letter of introduction. The fact however, was, that although "the Lord led him," at first in a different direction, a time came not long after his arrival in Maine, when he did deliver his letter to General Knox, and was gladly received into his employment; he being just then in great need of an honest man to take charge of his business, which was suffering from the unfaithfulness of an agent. After a short time, the General told him if he would make a permanent arrangement, he would build him such a house as he wanted, pay him a sufficient salary, and if he proved the man he believed him to be, all this should by no means be his compensation, but that he would do liberally by him, over and above the stipulated wages. The offer was tempting. Father thought he should have accepted it, but that he found Mrs. Knox would expect him to be present at her Sunday dinner-parties, drink wine with her, occasionally take a hand at a game of cards, &c. So, not feeling at liberty to go into a place of temptation needlessly, he "thought it better to leave off before he began."

I made what provision I could for the comfort of my family, and some time in June set out for Maine, with

ten or fifteen dollars spending money, and full expectation that the darkness would pass, and that I should again rejoice in the light. I stopped a day or two with brother Ashur, at Charlestown, before sailing for Maine. Ashur had become acquainted with Rev. Mighill Blood, who had shortly before been ordained at Buckstown, and gave me a letter of introduction to him, and added a small amount to my pocket money. I soon shipped for Maine, and landed at Castine, July 4, 1803. The following day I went on board a boat bound up the river, and landed at Buckstown. Delivered my letter to Mr. Blood, and was received with much kindness, and introduced to a number of very pleasant people. After remaining a few days, I came up the river to Bangor.

The back country had just begun to be settled. I took a walk out to Sebec, but did not find such land as I left at the Black river. I returned to Bangor shortly, and stopped a few days in Brewer, boarding at Dr. Skinner's, close to the ferry. While there, I received a letter from Buckstown, requesting me to take charge of a school, with the encouraging offer of twenty-five dollars a month, and board myself. I did not hesitate a moment, but settled with Dr. Skinner for my board, and being short of cash, I sold him a pair of shirts that had not been worn, paid up fully, and had twenty-five cents left, which was all I needed, for I walked down to Bucksport, and spent nothing on the way.

When I arrived, I was honourably received, and in-

ducted into the office of school-master. Soon after, I wrote to your mother an account of my rambles and success, to which I received an answer. proposing to come on with George to join me. My joy at receiving the letter was rather more than balanced by the consideration, that their comfortable support, under God, depended on my health and success. Should I be out of business, or lose my health, they would be among strangers, and no earthly friend to look after them. My heart for a moment sank within me, but I could not say she must not come. Soon after, I wrote an answer to the letter received, and mentioned some things which seemed to forbid her coming immediately. But it did not change her mind. Some time in October I received a letter from her, dated at Boston, where, with George, she was waiting a passage to Bucksport.

* * * * *

Your mother came safely in due time, with George. I hired a few articles for present use, and we went immediately to keeping house, and took Esquire Peabody and his clerk, George Sparhawk, to board. He found his own bed. I was man, and boy, your mother housekeeper and maid.

We commenced anew, in good health and spirits, and felt that it was not so bad, after all, to be poor: we had as many friends as the rich.

I had made up my mind not to inquire what I must do to

have a respectable standing in society, but what was duty in my circumstances.

I had a family to provide for, debts to pay, and if George lived, hoped to give him a good education. I dedicated him to God for the gospel ministry, and made every effort in my power to carry him forward with that object in view. I believe I never mentioned to any one my plan in relation to George—not even to your mother—till after he was licensed to preach, for fear my desire might come to his knowledge and injure him.

From the infancy of my first child, I felt an awful responsibility, believing that if my children perished, their blood would be required at my hand. Not that I had power to renew their hearts, but God had, and if I carried them to him in the arms of that faith I ought to exercise, and trained them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, as I ought and might do, God helping me, had no doubt that they would, by his grace, be prepared for heaven.

Some of my friends, when my children were young, thought me too rigid. A small incident occurs to my mind, to the point. Two or three years after we came to Bucksport to reside, we had quite a little gathering at our house. Capt. Daniel Buck and wife were of the number. In the evening George sat down in his little chair, and quietly fell asleep. After a while, his mother took an opportunity to put him to bed. She took him by the

hand and led him out of the room, without his making the least disturbance. When Capt. Buck saw the child led out, he spoke in a low voice to one who sat by him—which I heard, but did not understand—"It is well for children that they have a mother."

He explained his meaning to me after we became better acquainted. He said that when he first had occasion to be at my house, everything seemed to move on so quietly, he thought I must be a tyrant. Some of my own family may have thought me too rigid, but if they knew what agony I have suffered, for fear some of them might perish through my neglect, they would forgive me.

I have no recollection that I ever desired to be rich, or that my children should be. But I did desire, most earnestly, to pay my honest debts, to give my children a good education, and that they might early become pious and useful in the world, and that we might all, through rich grace in Jesus Christ, meet at last, an unbroken family in heaven.

Ever after the loss of my property, I resolved, by the grace of God, that until my debts were paid, provision made for the support of my family and the education of my children, I would never neglect any honest labour which promised to aid the accomplishment of these objects. Your mother, from the time we commenced housekeeping in Bucksport, seldom, when in health, had a girl to help her. I did what I could to lighten her

burden, and never hired a man to perform any labour that I could do. I can say truly that for years I carried my grain to mill on my shoulder, and brought home the meal or flour in the same way. I continued my school at Bucksport the winter after your mother came; had also a singing-school at Orland—three miles distant—which I attended three evenings a week. I walked, without regard to travelling or weather, and was uniformly in season.

The latter part of the winter of 1803-4, I was persuaded to accept the appointment of Deputy Sheriff. It was a time of deep poverty, generally, in this new country. The old settlers, who had been brought up here without schools or religious instruction, were living by trespassing on the proprietors, or contracting debts that they meant not to pay. Their doctrine was, "get what you can, and keep what you get." Others had fled here to get out of the way of their creditors, and were picking up a scanty living in any way that offered.

There was another class who had been better educated, many of whom had come in hope of gain, destitute of moral principle to guide them. Such were some of the Lawyers, Sheriffs, and their Deputies, who spread over the land like the frogs of Egypt. Their maxim was, "get money—honestly, if you can, if not—get it." They had no compassion for the poor, starving debtor, and as little regard to the interests of the creditor; if by any means they could collect a large bill of cost for the Lawyer,

and a handsome fee for the Sheriff. The oppression of those in power had greatly exasperated the people.

In the county of Kennebec—and there were instances in Hancock—they clubbed together to resist the execution of the law.

My mind was made up before I came to Maine, that whatever my hand found to do, that was right, I would do it with all my might. I could not discover anything wrong in the business of Sheriff, and was satisfied much good might be done in the rightful discharge of its duties, in the relief of the poor debtor. I received the appointment, and served as Deputy Sheriff over ten years.

When I entered upon the duties of the office, my object was the support of my family, the payment of my debts, and the education of George, he being at that time my only child.

To accomplish my object the more speedily, I determined to keep no horse, but to do my business on foot, which I did, for more than seven years. The county of Hancock then included the present five counties, Hancock, Waldo, Penobscot, Piscataquis, and Aroostook. My walk extended over the whole of these counties, as far as they were settled and my business called me.

During eight years, I have no recollection or belief that I ever staid at home when I had business abroad, on account of any weather, rain or snow, cold or heat.

These walks through heat and cold, wet and dry, of course had their variations of toil, privation and danger,


though he was not accustomed to entertain his family with stories of hair-breadth escapes.

A vision of one night, however, to which he sometimes referred, rises before me.

Father, tramping homeward at the close of a stormy day, rain still pouring, wind blowing, darkness shutting down suddenly, came to a brook, which in the morning he had passed over dry-shod, but which now overflowed its banks, and was rushing across the road in such a torrent he could cross it only by feeling his way along the rails of a fence—placing his feet as high as possible to avoid wetting his papers—bending over and holding on by the top rail, the fence swaying, and he questioning, at every step, whether, in reaching out his hand or foot, he might not find his support gone. But, as he would say, “God in mercy went with him and preserved his life.”

Again he comes, panting up the hill, at noon, one hot summer’s day, having walked from Castine to Bucksport, eighteen miles. Scarcely reaching the house, he is laid upon the bed. Dr. Moulton stands over him administering restoratives, slowly fanning him with his great fan, and scarcely able to restrain an admonition for imprudence, until he knows whether his patient is to live or die. Thank God, he lived.

At the commencement of my business as sheriff, I adopted this rule of self-government. I will be faithful to the creditor and humane to the debtor. By following this rule, I soon found that I was gaining the friendship of all concerned. I knew, by experience, that it was hard enough to be poor, without being treated with abuse



and insult ; and endeavored to do all in my power to aid and encourage those who were embarrassed, to hope for better days ; and did what I could to turn the property they had, and could spare, to the best advantage. I could relate many incidents to illustrate this fact. It is enough to say, that I do not recollect an instance when I took an assistant to aid me in apprehending a man against whom I had a precept, or in keeping him after he was arrested ; and those who knew me, ever treated me as a friend, when I had occasion to call on them, in the discharge of my official duties.

Well they might. "Once," says his oldest son, "I myself knew my father to return from his thirty or forty miles walk, without having eaten a morsel since he left us in the morning, because the people among whom he went were so poor that, instead of eating, he had given them what, in his economical way, he had carried in his pocket for his own noon refreshment. I remember also, how, at a time when my father sometimes used a horse in his journeys, a poor debtor would start from our house, after having enjoyed its hospitalities, for the jail at Castine, and the sheriff would walk half the way, that the weary, disheartened debtor might ride."

Father's friend, Mr. C. W. Jenkins, in a note, after reading the "Reminiscences," says, "I can remember many facts which have incidentally been introduced in conversation, by him, which interested me much.

Once he was sent as sheriff to arrest a man for debt, who lived some miles up on the west side of the river. He walked up on the east side until opposite the man's

residence ; but there was no conveyance across. He had heard that this man was a somewhat lawless and desperate character, and that he had given out word he would not be taken alive by any officer. He saw the man on the shore, hailed him, and told him his business. The man repeated what he had said before : he "would not be taken alive." But after a little conversation he quietly pushed off a skiff he had drawn up on the shore, crossed the river to your father, and took him over.

And creditors who intrusted me with their business, as far as I know, were in every instance but one fully satisfied with my doings. I once had an execution sent me, from Boston, against Oliver Leonard, of Orrington, which I delivered to John Whiting, a Deputy residing in the same place, which he neglected to collect or return ; for which the Sheriff was sued as my default. I paid, and afterwards collected it.

I would gratefully acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God, in directing and guiding me in the discharge of various responsible duties in offices of trust, which I have held within the last forty years. I was receiving teller in the Union Bank, Boston, two years, Cashier of Bangor Bank, seven years, Treasurer of the Maine Charity School, nineteen years, and no error in my accounts has ever been discovered to the amount of one dollar. Many a man, more deserving than myself, has lost his character by some innocent mistake, which I might have committed,

and now I have become so old and superannuated that no one would think it strange if I should blunder.

It may be thought a slow way of doing the business of Sheriff, on foot, in a country so thinly inhabited as the Penobscot was at that time. But I could do more business, as the roads then were, on foot, than any man could do with the best horse in the country, if he rode altogether. And I saved, by walking and not keeping a horse, at least the cost of the board of my family. It is true, sometimes I was almost ready to lie down in the furrow. Rising as I frequently did, even in summer, at day-break, doing what was necessary about the house, taking my breakfast, and sometimes walking forty miles or more, without rest, returning at seven or eight o'clock at evening. Sometimes, in those days, when I had become so tired as to be ready to give up, the thought that I might live to see my debts paid, and my children educated, would give me such a spring that I would almost forget that I had a body. I will mention one instance, that has ever impressed my mind when I have thought of the way in which God in mercy has led me. I had been over to "the Marsh," and through the northern part of Prospect, and came out on the river, just above Sandy Point, and turned down the river towards Searsport, where I had business. I was extremely tired, and for a moment thought I must give out. At that moment the thought struck my mind—I shall yet see my debts paid, and hear George preach the gospel. It gave me such a start I ran up the hill like a school-

boy; and I do not recollect that I felt tired after, for that day. Should either of you ever pass down the Penobscot river from Bucksport ferry to Searsport, and have the curiosity to see where I ran on that occasion, just before you come to the foot of the hill above Sandy Point, there is a small stream that crosses the road and runs into the Penobscot river. There is the point where I started and ran up the hill, I should think, a quarter of a mile or more.

“I shall yet see my debts paid, and hear George preach the gospel. ”“Would it be well,” says one, “to say just here, he lived to hear three sons preach the gospel, the three accomplishing, together, fifty years of preaching before his death, and nearly fifty years since—almost one hundred years in all—and they are preaching still.

God mercifully watched over me and mine, and greatly prospered me in my business, and in the spring of 1807, your mother, with George, Mary and Eliza, made a visit to our friends in Mass., and in the autumn I went after them, looked up all my creditors I could find, paid every honest debt in full, and had the satisfaction of considering myself a free man.

When George, in one of his college vacations, visited the scenes of his father's early life, he found the name of Eliashib Adams a passport in all the region; and had frequent occasion to remember the words of the wise man: A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. The story of that return, after years of toil, to pay old debts, long since cancelled by the law, was told

again and again, and the exclamation of a venerable friend repeated: "I thank God, I have lived to see one honest man."

After making my friends a short visit, I returned to Bucksport with my family, where we continued to reside till the 22d of May, 1813, when we removed to Bangor, and occupied the Emerson house, in what is called Joppa, near the lower steamboat wharf. I still continued to hold the office of Deputy Sheriff, but was trying to change my business for something that would not require my spending so much of my time from home. Until our removal to Bangor, your mother was generally cheerful and contented, and appeared pleased with the change we were about to make. But while we were on our way from Bucksport to Bangor, a cloud came over her mind, and she became very unhappy. She reflected on the pleasant society we were leaving to form new acquaintances, and concluded this trial was a punishment for her sins. From this time she frequently lay awake for several nights together. I was from home most of the time, and she had no friend nigh to sympathize with her, and passed a most unhappy summer.

Here follow some pages relative to the ill health and nervous depression of our mother, which thenceforth, for more than thirty years, became the burden of his life; a burden always borne so patiently, kindly, cheerfully, that one wondered on what hidden manna his soul fed. The particulars of those years of suffering—not without intervals of relief—need not here be reproduced. Suffice it to say, no mother ever more carefully tended her

feeble child than did our father wait on every wish and need of his suffering wife. To gratify her he bought and sold, changed his residence, and changed it again. "I concluded to follow her desire so long as I had anything to meet the expense." Yet he says—by what rule could he have judged himself?

When I look back to the days of her suffering, I cannot forgive myself that I did not do more for her comfort. But the opportunity is now forever passed. May God, in his infinite mercy forgive my sins in this respect, as well as the transgressions of my whole life, for the sake of Jesus Christ, my only hope, and to him be all the glory forever, amen.

Our mother—Anna Leland, daughter of Rev. John Leland, Peru, Mass., was fair to look upon, with an original, independent mind, and endowed with a "faculty" which enabled her to do much for her family with very little show of hard work. She *calculated, contrived, arranged*, so that her friends used to say no one among them could accomplish so much with so few steps. She cheerfully endured the privations necessary to accomplish our father's darling objects, the payment of his debts, and the education of his children. And until pain—in enduring which she had not even the comfort of that word neuralgia, which now covers so much, and explains so little—had worn her quite out, she ceased not her efforts to be useful. After unnumbered nights of moaning, "Would God it were morning," and unnumbered days of sighing, "Would God it were evening," she sank to rest. To rest! Said one of her most faithful and congenial friends, who waited by her bed-side, hour after hour, for the departing of her spirit, "One by one each trace of the agonizing conflict

disappeared. I could see all the beauty of her childhood coming back." "Have you peace now, in your heart?" said this friend, doubting whether she would speak again; "Considerable," was the cautious, characteristic, self-possessed reply. Another half hour went by, while the regular breathing, and the undisturbed countenance, betokened a strange, unwonted quiet. Once more the dying lips moved: "Come! come! come, God!" "Come Lord Jesus?" said her friend. "Yes;" and that was her last word. It was April 18, 1846.

Our parents had kept house about forty-six years, and this was the first death that ever occurred under their roof. Five weeks elapsed, and Henry, who, having been absent some months, had come home to die, was laid beside his mother at Mount Hope.


Soon after, father disposed of his house, and passed the remainder of his life, about nine years, with his friends and his children.

I have met with some trials in my pilgrimage, but am constrained to say, surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will trust Him who has ever watched over me, for the future.

I do not know that it would be improper for me to mention the anxiety I have felt for my children ever since I have been a father. I not only have prayed and laboured for their conversion, from their early childhood, but after they had become six or seven years old, I looked daily for the evidence of repentance, and faith in Christ. But my hopes were not realized for some years. Until George had become almost thirteen years of age, I had not dis-

covered any deep feeling on the subject of religion, upon his mind, and became almost discouraged in looking for a change in him. I had made every effort to carry him forward in his studies, and never let any labour keep him from school, when there was an opportunity for him to attend. My design, from the first, was to give him an education, in hope that God would graciously call him to preach the gospel. I recollect the most trying hour I had on his account. I was at work in the field on the opposite side of the road from the Wyatt house. I had been in great distress on account of George, and my heart sunk within me. I concluded I must give up all hope of seeing him a christian, and if not a christian, he had education enough, and I had better put him to some trade. While thus reflecting on the subject, the thought impressed my mind with great force, "If you will now go in and talk with him, he will hear you." I reflected a moment on this strange impression, and said within myself, when I go in from work this evening, I will converse with him.

The thought returned, "go now and talk with him and he will hear you." I still hesitated, and the third time it was repeated; on which I left my work, went to the house, took George into a room by ourselves, and immediately endeavored to call his attention to his perishing need of an interest in the Saviour. To my surprise, he at once manifested a very deep interest in the subject, which never left him till he expressed a hope in Christ. I do not mention this as conclusive evidence that my efforts were blessed to his conversion, but as a fact, which shows



that I have taken great interest in my children, I presume far beyond anything they have conceived of. Nor do I mention this instance because I have taken any more interest in his salvation than in that of my other children. God in mercy grant that no one of them may be missing in that day.

After George had expressed some hope that he had experienced a change of heart, I took an early opportunity to ascertain whether he had any desire to engage in the ministry, without giving him any intimation of my feelings on the subject. I urged the propriety of his selecting some employment, should his life be continued. If he had a preference for any particular trade, I would endeavor to find a suitable place for him, and, as soon as it should be thought expedient, he might commence his apprenticeship. He made in substance this answer: "You have, sir, already done more for me than I could have asked; but I do not wish to learn a trade, but to obtain an education, and, if I should live, to preach the gospel." I cannot express my feelings in receiving this answer. Should he prove to be a child of God, and a faithful minister of Jesus Christ, all my prayers for him are answered.

I have abundant cause for thanksgiving to God, for the evidence that he has owned any of my children as instruments for the promotion of the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ. While my three eldest sons yet remain to preach

the gospel, the fourth, and youngest of my children, I trust, is engaged in a more exalted service before the throne above.

Henry Martyn died May 25, 1846, aged 24 years. I need not tell my children how he lived and died. Those of them especially who were with him in his last days, will ever remember his expressions of resignation and joy, while he was enabled to look forward to the time when he should be with his Saviour, and be made like him.

My daughters have shared equally my affections, and from their early days, while under my care and watch, I endeavoured with great solicitude to train them up for usefulness here, and for heaven hereafter.

Soon after I came to Bucksport, which was July 5, 1803, I walked up to Bangor. From its being the head of navigation, and safe for ships, I had no doubt it would be the most important place on the river. I should have remained here, had it not been that there were no religious privileges. It was a mere Sodom, with Lot dwelling in it by the name of William Boyd; afterwards one of the first Deacons in the First church.

I was so disgusted with the character of the place, that for several years, when my business made it necessary to remain over night, I used to cross the river to Orrington—now Brewer—and put up at Dr. Skinner's, who and his wife were both pious and intelligent. In the summer of 1811, Mr. Harvey Loomis, a young gentleman from

Connecticut, educated at William's College, and having studied theology with Dr. Porter, at Andover, was commissioned by the Massachusetts Missionary Society to preach in this part of the district of Maine. He laboured a few Sabbaths in Bangor, to the admiration of all who heard him. Some of the chief men called on Mr. Boyd, to learn how he was pleased with the young minister. As he told me afterward, he did not dare say much in his favor, for fear that his good opinion of the preacher would be an injury. He therefore barely replied, "If the people are generally pleased, I shall not oppose his settlement." At that time there was no church in Bangor of any denomination, and indeed, there was very little knowledge of the Sabbath, and not much thought of the world to come. The lawyers, and other men of influence, thought, however, that a man of Mr. Loomis' qualifications for a minister would be quite an honour to the place, and be an inducement for respectable people to move in.

Accordingly they called a town-meeting, and passed a vote to invite Mr. Loomis to settle with them in the ministry, offering him a salary of eight hundred dollars a year. The committee chosen to inform Mr. Loomis of the doings of the town, were authorized, should he accept their call, to give their bond in behalf of the town, for the payment of the salary. The call was accepted by Mr. Loomis, and his ordination appointed to take place on the 27th of November, 1811. The council was composed of pastors, and delegates from the churches in Castine,

Belfast, Bluehill and Bucksport, together with Rev. John Sawyer, and Rev. H. May. They met at Gen. Crosby's store, City Point, and proceeded to organize a church, which consisted of the following persons:—William Boyd, William Hasey, Stephen S. Crosby, and William D. Williamson; after which the council ordained Mr. Harvey Loomis as their Pastor and Teacher.

When I came to Bangor to reside, May 22d, 1813, the church consisted of twenty members.

Rev. H. Loomis,	Mrs. Allen,
Deacon W. Boyd,	Mrs. Hutchins,
Deacon S. S. Crosby,	Mrs. Low,
William Hasey,	Mrs. Dresser,
William D. Williamson,	Mrs. S. E. Dutton,
Stephen S. Kimball,	Mrs. Almira Carr,
Mrs. Boyd,	Mrs. N. C. Little,
Mrs. Timothy Crosby,	Mrs. Eben Crosby,
Mrs. Joseph Kendrick,	Anna Adams,
Mrs. Mary Gould,	Eliashib Adams.

The population of Bangor at this time was not far from eight hundred. The first white child born in the town, was Mrs. Mary Mayhew. Her maiden name was Howard. Her parents at the time of her birth, June 30, 1771, lived in a house standing on the northerly side of the road, a short distance from where Mr. J. W. Carr now resides. She left a son, Mr. John A. Mayhew, who keeps a jeweller's shop on Main Street.

- The first prayer meeting I attended after my removing to Bangor, was held in the afternoon. There were together, beside myself, Mr. Loomis and Deacon Crosby, and five or six ladies.

The congregation on the Sabbath, in good weather, would number one hundred and fifty or two hundred. We this summer commenced holding our meetings in the Court House, being a small part of the building now called the City Hall.

Early in the summer of 1814 there appeared more attention to religion than usual, at which time, Mrs. Rev. Kiah Baily, of Newcastle, Maine, wrote to Mrs. Jacob McGaw, urging her to make an effort to collect a Sabbath School, for the benefit of the children and youth. Mrs. McGaw engaged Martha Allen—who afterward married Deacon Crosby—Deacon Boyd, and myself, who in company, met a few children, my three eldest being about one third the number, in a store-room of a house standing at the corner of York and Exchange streets. Deacon Boyd offered prayer, the ladies taught the children, and by request, I took the Superintendence. I do not now recollect the reason, but from ill health, or some other providential cause, neither Mrs. McGaw, Miss Allen, or Deacon Boyd, long attended the school regularly. To supply their place, I engaged Eliza Bryant, half-sister to Mrs. Henry Call, and Nancy Plummer, sister to Mrs. Asa Davis, two most excellent young ladies, who laboured with me in the school till the autumn of 1815. At that time I visited Boston, with your mother and several of the

children. While at your Uncle's in Charlestown, where both of them resided, I had an offer of the office of teller in the Union Bank, Boston, which I accepted, and continued to hold till October, 1817, when I was appointed Cashier of Bangor Bank, which was about to be put in operation.

A severe ill turn which he had about that time, something like apoplexy, as he supposed, had obliged him to leave his business, and apprehensive that his position in the Union Bank was peculiarly unfavorable to his health, he was the more ready to return to Bangor, which he did, bringing all his family except George, who that year entered Yale College.

On my return I found that the revival of religion, which commenced early in 1814, had continued, and quite an addition to the church had been made in the two years of my absence.

Soon after I left Bangor in 1815, Mr. Daniel Pike came from Bucksport to Bangor to reside, and, during my absence, superintended the Sabbath School. But about the time of my return, he removed to Brewer, and I again assumed the charge. After some two or three years Mr. Pike returned, and took up his permanent residence in Bangor till his death, which was in April, 1832. After his return from Brewer, he and myself, in harmony, superintended the school according to our discretion, till the winter of 1827, when the Pastor of the church and

two or three other friends met at my house, and formed a Sabbath School Society. Mr. Pike and myself were appointed associate superintendents; and one or the other of us usually took charge of the school while he lived.

After his death I generally took part in the management and instruction of the school, till the health of your mother, who had become very feeble, forbade it.

There came a time when his home cares being taken from him, he was at liberty to work again in the Sunday School, but his peculiar apprehensiveness lest he should be in the way, as an old man whose faculties were impaired, induced him to retire.

An anniversary address, however, from Rev. G. W. Field, in which the advantage to teacher as well as scholar, was visibly portrayed, gave him a new impulse. He found he could not afford to live without the Sunday School; he should "buckle on his armour, and never lay it aside while he lived." And so from day to day his lesson was carefully studied, and the classes to whom he brought the wisdom which all the week he had been seeking as for hid treasures, bear witness that there was a vivaciousness and force in his instructions which younger teachers might be glad to attain. The last Sabbath of his life, he was more observed by the whole school, from the fact that he called attention to some business which had been forgotten—for though he complained that his memory was most gone, what he had left was strangely available—and by request offered the concluding prayer.

I feel inclined to speak again, briefly, of the Rev. Harvey Loomis, his character, sickness and death. Mr.

Loomis was a gentleman of very graceful manners, remarkably acquainted with human nature, ever ready to meet and silence an opposer of the truth, in a way not to give offence. A firm friend, greatly beloved by his people. He was sound in the faith and a laborious pastor. His sermons were deeply interesting and evangelical, delivered with great ease and power. He was a godly man, and his labours were greatly blessed, There was great harmony in the church, from his first settlement to the time of his death. For years there was almost a constant revival. He usually enjoyed good health, but in the winter of 1819, if I rightly remember, he had a very severe fever, which confined him for many weeks, and, for some time, he was bereft of his reason. He was reduced so low, on one Sunday evening, that his attending physicians gave him up, considering him dying. They left him in the care of a few friends, who had for some days watched with him—Miss Sarah Harrod being one of the number—directing them to do whatever they thought would be for his comfort, as that would be the only service that could be rendered him. The church and others were collected for conference in their usual place, when the Rev. Mr. Williams, of Brewer, came in. He had come directly from Mr. Loomis', and we all listened for his report. He said, "as my dear brother, and your dear pastor now lies in the cold embrace of death, it seems most suitable that we should devote this evening to prayer."

Accordingly the evening was devoted to reading the

scriptures and prayer. I think there were not less than ten or twelve prayers offered, and not in a single instance a request that his life might be spared. On former occasions, the burden of prayer had been that his life might be spared. But then it was, that, before he left the world, he might have his reason, and that there might be seen, in his dying hour, the supports of that gospel he had preached to us.

As soon as the meeting closed, I went with some others to his house, expecting to find him dead. But, to our surprise, we found the doors all open, from the street into his chamber—which was in the house where the first Sabbath School was collected in Bangor—the curtains removed from his bed, though a cold winter's night. He had revived, his reason was restored, had been bolstered up in his bed, preaching the gospel to those who had gathered around him. From this time he continued to improve until he was able to resume his labours. After this sickness, he usually enjoyed good health until his death, which took place on the first Sabbath in January, 1828. There was a severe snow storm that morning. As I was on my way to meeting in a sleigh, with several of my family, we passed him and got seated in the house just before he came in. He stepped into the pulpit and sat down, as usual; soon his head was noticed to droop forward. Several persons rushed into the pulpit, brought him down and carried him into the entry. As he was removed, he uttered a feeble groan, which was the last sign of life. I have frequently looked back to the time of

his first sickness, and to the manner in which he was taken away. In his first sickness, prayer was offered almost continually for his restoration, until the prayer meeting on his account when the church was brought to give him up. The indications of Providence were such, that it would have been thought impious for any one to have asked his restoration to health. God, by restoring him, and continuing his labours so long after, manifested his readiness to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, when his people are brought into a state of heart to receive the blessing with gratitude. But the time came for him to be taken away. There was no opportunity to offer prayer. He was gone.

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Having spoken of the growth and prosperity of the First church for twenty years after Mr. Loomis' death, and mentioned the time when it was mutually agreed to form another church, and the consequent establishment, in 1833, of the Hammond Street church, by volunteers, twenty-six males, and forty-seven females, father speaks a little of the last new enterprise in which he engaged—one in which he was deeply interested.

In the autumn of 1846, the First and the Hammond Street churches met to take into consideration the expediency of organizing a third congregational church in the city. There was but one voice on the subject; no one objected to the undertaking. But neither of the churches were willing to designate any particular individuals to commence, but chose to leave it to the voluntary choice of

such persons as might think it their duty to engage in the enterprise. After waiting some months, and no one making any movement, Mr. John Barker proposed, if I would draw up some articles of agreement, and put my name to it, he would go with me. We accordingly commenced, with ten others, and were, in the month of January, 1847, legally organized by the name of the Central Congregational Society. The names of the number who constituted the society at the commencement were :

Eliashib Adams,	John McDonald,
John Barker,	A. W. Roberts,
William S. Dennet,	C. W. Jenkins,
Bradford Harlow,	Henry S. Brown,
Romulus Haskins,	William Hall,
William G. Hardy,	Asa Walker.

In February following, a church was organized, consisting of the same persons, and taking the name of the Central Congregational church. Rev. Professor George Shepard was invited to officiate as our stated Pastor and Teacher, which he has done to the present time ; preaching more than half the time, and in his absence we have been favoured with good gospel preaching. God has greatly blessed us in the effort, and now, in January, 1855, the church numbers one hundred and sixty. About one half the number have been received from the world. Within the last three years we have built a meeting house, capable of seating more than any other house in the city, and are not, as a parish, greatly in debt.

The parish and church are so well pleased with the services of Professor Shepard, that it is doubtful when we shall find a minister that will fill his place.

We need nothing as a church, to render us prosperous and happy, but the reviving influences of the Holy Spirit, without which Paul may plant and Apollos water in vain.

BANGOR, June 6, 1855.

I am eighty-two years old this day ; still living and in good health, though I have made no suitable return for the innumerable blessings which I have enjoyed, purchased by the blood of Christ. My early friends and companions, where are they? where! Last autumn, I visited the place of my nativity, and made inquiry for those with whom I set out in life; saw and conversed with a lady of my acquaintance (when young) who is somewhat older than myself; and heard of one other person, an intimate friend, who was said to be living. The other persons of my age and acquaintance, so far as I could learn, had gone to render their final account.

Could I say with the apostle, I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me, I would add the words of good old Simeon: Lord, now

lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. But although I cannot say that I enjoy the full assurance of hope, yet I *can* say, if I know what joy means, I do rejoice that the Lord Jesus Christ reigns, that the government is on His shoulders, and that He is constituted head over all things, and that He will reign till He has subdued all things to Himself. I do rejoice in the glorious way of salvation brought to light in the gospel, salvation through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The terms suit the necessities of the lost, and it is impossible to conceive of any alteration that could have been made, and man have been pardoned and restored to the favor of God.


ELIASHIB ADAMS.

In the old family Bible brought from Canterbury, Conn., 1792, by Eliashib the second, and which was our father's constant companion while he lived, we find a paper on which he had written some "night thoughts" not long before his death.

It is said, the Prophet that hath a dream let him tell a dream. Jer. 23 : 28. I am no prophet, neither have I a

dream to tell ; but I had some very pleasant cogitations on my bed last night, which held my eyes waking ; some particulars of which I will relate.

As I was musing the question arose, what is Heaven ? The description which the Revelator gives of that great city, the holy Jerusalem which he saw coming down from God out of Heaven, is most wonderful. Her foundation of all manner of precious stones, her wall of jasper, her gates of pearl, her streets of pure gold, her gates not shut at all by day, no night there, no temple, sun or moon there. God and the Lamb are the temple and the light of the city. And the society, God and the Lamb, and the saved. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, or whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie. What a glorious inheritance ! But it is a great way off. I hope to go there before long, but I want to enjoy something of it now. How can this be effected ? To become like Christ is to be with Him. What is it to be like Christ ? To have no will but God's will, do what He requires cheerfully, and bear what he sees fit to lay upon us patiently. We are naturally inclined to have our own way, and sometimes it leads us into difficulty. But if we submit ourselves to God, to direct and guide us as he pleases, we can safely have our own wills, for our will will be God's will. Why not bring down heaven to earth ? God walked with men here on earth before the flood, why not now ? Will we try it ? The thought of such blessedness makes the heart leap for joy.



AUGUST 28, 1855.

Notes taken at the time of father's death, for the gratification of those of the family who were absent :

"God is letting me down very gently"—"I consider every slight indisposition a great mercy, as it reminds me how suddenly I may be called home"—"Generally I am so well that it is difficult to realize that I am an old man"—"I shall not be with you long." So he used to talk. At last the day came, Aug. 28, 1855. Father came down stairs in the morning at his usual hour. He generally rose earlier than most of the family. He had a great deal of labour on his hands for the day: more than we knew; for he was always careful not to lay his burdens upon others. At morning prayers, Matt. 5th was read, and I remember associating a thought of father with the blessing pronounced on the "pure in heart." His prayer that morning was unusually clear, free from repetition, forcible in expression. I thought in connection with it, of his request made three or four years since, that if at any time we should think his faculties had failed so much as to incapacitate him for leading in the family devotions, we would let him know it! At breakfast father said to Mr. Little, who was to leave us that morning, for the purpose of bringing home his family, "It will be hardly worth while to send love to your family, they are coming so soon." Mr. Little inquired if his eyes were well? "No," he replied, "but better than they have been. My eyes are not good for much, but I cannot spare them very well." James left for Andover with Mr. Little. Father stood at the door as they went out, and said, "Good by, James, remember only one thing is needful." This he said, thinking, no doubt, as had been his habit for years, when parting with friends, "most likely the next meeting

will be in eternity." Anna and I went down to see them off. Returning, we saw father at a distance, walking. Why did he not ride? "I am going to several places," he would say, "and it would be more care for me to ride than to walk." He had walked all his life, and has been heard to say since he became an old man, "I would rather take a wheelbarrow round town than a horse and chaise!" Ten days before his death, being engaged to visit a friend's house, one of his children said to him, "I will go on and meet you there, father. It would be useless for me to attempt to keep up with you in walking."

So this last day he walked; made various calls, talked with I know not how many persons, stayed to shake hands and sympathise with this one, and recognize with a bow and smile that one. How many remembered afterwards, and spoke of that last casual meeting with pleasure. He was finishing his work, and taking an unconscious farewell of familiar scenes and faces. When he came home we found he was somewhat in haste for dinner; not on his own account, but there was to be a Trustee's meeting at 2 o'clock, and that he should be the second man there was not to be thought of. He ate a little, and then rose from the table as if to go. "But, father, are you not going to stop for your tea?" "I am afraid there will not be time." "But you must have time for your dinner." He looked at the clock and said, "Oh, yes, there is time enough," and sat down again. After his cup of tea, he started for his walk. Mr. Wheelwright, who joined him at the top of State street hill, says he said nothing of being unwell, and walked with his usual vigor. Mr. Wheelwright was obliged to stop for a few minutes, but father could not wait for him. He went on alone, up the long hill—Hammond street. Some one who saw him when near the top, has mentioned observing something like faltering in

his step. But he reached the Seminary. He stood on the piazza a few minutes, with some of the gentlemen, said, in answer to inquiries, that his health was very good, but suddenly left them and went into the room where the meeting was to be. When they followed him, soon after, they found him leaning forward with his arms on a desk, his face excessively pale. One of them said, "Are you sick, Deacon?" He replied, "Yes, I am." "Would you like to go home?" "Yes, I think I'd better."

Mr. Pickering went to get his horse and chaise, and others helped father out. He sat down on the steps, and fell over, seeming so much distressed that they thought he would die there. But he recovered a little, so as to be brought home. On the way he told Mr. Pickering this was his last attack. Mr. Pickering proposed driving round to call for Dr. Dickinson, but father said "No, drive on." He suggested stopping at an apothecary's and getting something which might relieve him; but father said, "No, drive on." We, at home, knew nothing of all this. About an hour after he left the house, as we were in the sitting-room, happening to glance toward the window, I saw a man at the top of the door steps with some one's arm over his shoulder. I rushed into the entry; the door bell rang violently, and at the same instant the door was thrown open, and there was father, pale as death, brought in by Mr. Pickering and a man whom he had found at work near by. At once I thought of what father had often said of dying in one of those ill turns he used to have. "Is it his head?" His pale lips feebly but distinctly answered, "No, nothing of the kind." They carried him immediately up stairs and laid him on his bed. He was in a profuse cold sweat—his pulse almost gone—the pain in his chest, and from his elbows to his finger ends, very great. Mary flew for Dr. McRuer, who was here in

five minutes. When he first saw him, he said he had an attack of cholera morbus, gave him medicine, had more clothing put over him, and advised that he should be kept very quiet. Presently he went round to the other side of the bed, listened to the beating of his heart, and after a little examination perceived that his disease was Angina Pectoris; yet did not tell us: only asked father if he had ever had such a turn before? Father said, "No;" then the doctor said, "I think you will be better soon."

The flesh shortly became warm, his natural color returned, and his pulse began to beat regularly, and though his pain was not relieved, the doctor left us, assuring us it would be soon. We waited by him, giving him medicine every half hour; he said "how strange it does not relieve me." The pain in his chest and arms continued intense. He groaned a great deal. Once he said, "I suppose I groan a great deal more than I need to, but it seems a little relief." Another time, "I do not know how to bear pain so well as some, I am so unaccustomed to it. I have not suffered so much in fifty years—and more." Again, "Lord, what is man? We are crushed before the moth."

It was very little we could do for him. We would have bathed his arms, where his greatest pain was, but having his coat on, it was impossible. When we proposed trying to have him undressed, he said, "No, not quite yet. It might check perspiration." Feeling that I must do something, I tried to rub his arms, and took a blanket and wrapped around one of them; but he said pleasantly, "Never mind. Let it rest."

When the doctor came again he seemed surprised to find father in the same distress. Still, as the pulse was good, and as persons seldom die from the first attack of this disease, unless they die instantly, he thought

he would eventually be better. Mr. Wheelwright came in to inquire how he was. When I returned to the room I mentioned who had called. Father said, "If Mr. Wheelwright comes again I should like to see him." The doctor said, "No, I advise you not to see him to-day. You will be better to-morrow." Father replied, "I shall be if I ever am." Then he spoke out in a distinct, sprightly tone, "Well, if I cannot see Mr. Wheelwright, I will see the doctor. Eliza, bring my pocket-book from my coat pocket." I brought it. He sat up in bed, opened it, and took out a package of papers. "Here," he said, "are some papers I have been preparing for the Trustees' meeting. I hoped to present them myself, but if I should not live to do it, I want you to remember what they are." He then described them, and concluded by saying, "Here are five resolutions. I want them presented in the order in which they are numbered; one, two, three, four, five. I know more about this business than any one else, but if I am not able to finish it, give these papers to Mr. Wheelwright. I have talked with him about it." (The fact was that his having talked with Mr. Wheelwright, enabled the Trustees to finish the business that very afternoon, and if they had known the gratification it would have been to him, they could have informed him that God had answered his life-long prayer: that his work might not be left undone.) Having finished his directions, he returned the papers to the pocket-book, fastened it carefully as usual, and gave it to me. He then remarked, "There are two notes which John has—one yours and one mine; but he will know about that; and there is a draft made in my name, but it belongs to you." He said no more, except "Everything is written but this;" and after he had lain down, "I meant to do some little things for the children; but I did not."

Strange that after all this, we did not know that he was going to die. But we had known so long that every day was with him as the last, and that the least indisposition was considered a friendly warning to set his house in order, that we were slow to believe his time had really come. Yet after the doctor had left us the second time, and the afternoon wore away without any relief, those groans, those dying groans continuing, I could not avoid the apprehension that this was indeed his last illness.

Through all he spoke frequently, and in his natural tone, shewing a clear, collected mind, patient submission to the will of God, consideration for others, his own peculiar delicacy about requiring attentions, and, most sweet to our remembrance, consciousness of his Saviour's presence and sympathy.

Once he said, "how thankful I ought to be that my mind is so clear."

When mustard was applied to the chest, and the doctor said, "if you cannot bear it we will remove it," he looked up in his face earnestly, and said, lingering on the word "bear," "I can *bear* anything."

Sarah, who had been very ill, was down stairs that day. Father heard the door bell ring several times during the afternoon, and said, "Sarah will certainly be sick again if she has so much company." When we stood by his bed he said, "Sit down and rest while you can;" again, "I am afraid I shall keep somebody awake to-night:" a thing which he always dreaded, but which had never occurred since my remembrance. Once he said, "I should like another pillow. Don't trouble yourself to go for one. That sofa pillow will do just as well." "I left my cane at the foot of the front door steps."

Little Lottie came into the room, and when she saw father

on the bed, she said, "Kiss grandpa." I lifted her up, she kissed him, and he said in a kind, pleasant tone, "Good bye, Lottie."

A catholic girl for whom he had felt a good deal of interest—for whom did he not?—was standing at the bedside. Father said, "Catharine, you must read your Bible. When you come where I am, you will find nothing can support you but the Saviour."

When John came in at tea time, not knowing before of his grandfather's illness, father said, "I am very sick." John replied, "I am sorry to see you so, sir." "Yes, I know you are, John. I know you sympathize with me, but my Saviour sympathizes with me more."

There was a large family down stairs, and thinking it desirable that everything should go on quietly as possible,—utterly unconscious that the days and hours were all gone, that the last moment was very near—I went down to tea, leaving Mary alone with father. She had asked him if she might bring him a cup of tea. He said, "Yes, he was very thirsty;" told her to "turn some of it into the saucer, that it might cool a little, his gums were so sore." He raised himself up, took the saucer and drank the tea.

While I was down stairs, two gentlemen, trustees of the Seminary, called to inquire how father was. I told them he was no better, but still we thought he would be; and this not more than fifteen minutes before his death.

Just then Mary called me. She "did not know that father was any worse, but wished I would come up. He had groaned so much that she asked him if his pain was increasing. He said "he did not know that it was. Perhaps he was less able to bear it."

After I returned to the room, I remember holding

father's hand and having a sense of its being cold, and the wrist nerveless, and hoping the doctors, who were to come after tea, would be in soon. Mary, who had left the room for two or three minutes, returned to get some money for a woman who had been at work for us that day. Father heard her speak to me, and—not even then having done caring for us—he said, “There is no money in your pocket-book. You will find a two dollar bill and a five in mine.”

Mary went down and I remained alone with him. He continued to groan, and presently turned over, as he had done many times. I went to arrange his pillow. I heard a sound like a sob or rattle in his throat. I spoke to him—he did not answer—nor move—nor breathe. I called him, fully expecting to hear his calm reply, “no cause for alarm.” But in that instant his spirit had gone too far on its way to the paradise of God, to hear or answer.

I called the family. The doctor was summoned, the question asked, *is* he gone? To which the doctor replied, “I fear he is.” Oh, how strange! Father had been standing so long, as he used to pray, “with his lamp trimmed and burning,” waiting for the Bridegroom's voice, we seemed to think he would continue thus—just thus; ready to depart, yet “waiting God's time,” still doing his last things day by day, finishing up his work every night, lying down with the feeling that he might never awake again in this world, always assuring us that “if some morning we should find him *not here*, we might know that he was not surprised, or afraid, or unwilling to go.”

LETTER FROM C. W. JENKINS, ESQ.

BURLINGTON, VERMONT, Sept. 4, 1855.

MY DEAR MISS ADAMS :

I took a Bangor paper from the post-office last evening, kindly mailed by a friend at that place. On opening the same, my eye was attracted to an article enclosed in brackets, and headed, "Death of Dea. Eliashib Adams." I went to my room, and at a late hour retired to my bed, but not to sleep. As I counted the hours, striking as they passed, I seemed to be enjoying again the companionship of your venerated father. I seemed to follow him into the spirit world. His erect and venerable form, moving about in the ranks of the "shining ones," manifesting there the same cheerful zeal in the service of his God, that marked his course here. Had I not just read that he was dead? True, but not to me. I could imagine no change in him except a change of place, and as I tried with the eye of faith to follow him in his upward course, I mentally exclaimed, "My Father, my Father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

Notwithstanding this pleasing vision, if I must call it a vision, I find myself sad to-day. Has Deacon Adams really departed this life? He from whom I so recently received a parting blessing that will be ever cherished as one of my most precious legacies. Has he, too, passed away? Why should I mourn? Not for him. I would not recall him from his inheritance. Not for myself, for I never expected to meet him again this side of Heaven, but for his family and for the church I mourn; and allow me to add, my dear Miss Adams, I mourn especially for you, for I can imagine what your father must have been

to you. My heart is so full, I realize it a relief to sit down, and without any apology communicate freely with you, in reference to one whom we both so much loved, and whose society we so much prized. You may be somewhat surprised at the freedom I use in my expressions, but no one, probably, knows of the degree of intimacy that has existed between your father and myself, for the last three or four years. He has been in the habit of calling on me, frequently, and the recollection of the hours thus passed together, is *very, very* precious to me. I always regarded it, in him, as a condescension to notice me so kindly, and I tried to profit from his experience and to catch his spirit. I never regarded any mortal with a more profound respect. I never felt more freedom in unbosoming myself—particularly in reference to my christian experience—to any friend, than to him. There was always a ready sympathy, an encouraging word, a cheerful smile, and a warm heart.

I did not know your father before he had advanced so far in his christian course. He may have been a different man while struggling in the active business of life, but as far as I have known him, I can truly say I never knew a christian whose character seemed to be more symmetrical, or more fully developed. I can say of him, as Mr. Field said of Mr. Dole, in his funeral discourse, "I presume he had his foibles, but my acquaintance with him was not intimate enough to discover what they were." Well, he has gone, and only a little before us. He lived to and beyond the extreme limits assigned in the scriptures to man. He was ripe. His bodily sufferings were brief, if they were severe. His entrance to the Jordan of death was rapid, and his passage short; and I imagine the way of his exit was about such as he would have preferred had the direction been left to him.

I know your father dreaded a long decay of his mental powers. He has frequently alluded to it as a probable case, and how thankful we should be that he passed away with a mind so bright, and leaving to his friends so many pleasant memories.

What a loss to the church! Mrs. J. has often said to me, "I don't know how we shall do when Deacon Adams is taken away, for he seems to keep everything just right." I believe it was John Wesley who originated the idea, "Men die, but principles live." God will take care of his own, and my prayer is that the precious Zion that your sainted father had so great an instrumentality in originating and establishing, may continue to increase in moral power and efficiency.

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C. W. JENKINS.

Rev. J. P. Thompson, D. D., New York, who spent a day or two in Bangor, attending the anniversary of the Theological Seminary in 1855, and who saw father then for the first and last time, wrote for the New York Independent of August 9th: "Not the least of the charms of the house where I was entertained, was the society of that model christian gentleman, Deacon Adams, whose sight is not dim, nor his natural force abated," &c. Again the same hand wrote, "a few weeks since in our editorial correspondence from Maine, we made a passing allusion to Dea. Eliashib Adams, of Bangor, as one whose refined christian society, and ripe christian experience, we were privileged to enjoy during a brief visit to that city. Our obituary column has already acquainted our readers with the fact that this beloved patriarch has been called to his rest. Due honor was rendered to his character and

memory, in the funeral services, and we may hope for a more elaborate review of his life from Dr. Pond, or Dr. Shepard. But we would add a brief word, expressing our own appreciation of one of the finest characters ever brought to our notice.

No one could come in contact with Deacon Adams, without being impressed with the serenity of his faith and hope, and the inflexibility of his purpose in the service of Christ. His singularly erect stature, which four score years had not bowed, was a type of the uprightness of his character. He lived in an atmosphere of love, and made doing good his daily life. Courteous, refined, affable, benevolent, prompt, decided, vivacious, dignified, affectionate, he was the model of a christian gentleman. Age had touched him lightly, and had hardly curtailed his usefulness. We recall, at this moment, the dignity and grace with which he excused himself from the table, to attend a meeting of the Trustees of the Seminary, saying, "In thirty-eight years I have not failed to be present at roll-call, and I must not begin to be tardy now."

Deacon Adams was continually engaged in some active service in the cause of Christ. For a long period a devoted Sabbath School teacher; for many years a deacon, always punctual in meetings for prayer, and faithful in exhortations, both publicly and from house to house; for more than the life of a generation a trustee of the Theological Seminary, he lived and died in the service of his Redeemer. We learn from the Bangor Journal, that on the day of his decease he had been very busy, as usual, and was at the Theological Seminary, on business connected therewith, in the afternoon, when he was attacked with disease of the heart, and being conveyed home, died at eight o'clock in the evening, with much suffering, but with perfect confidence and christian composure.

From the address of Dr. Pond, at his funeral, we glean the following facts :

“For thirty-eight successive years Dea. Adams has been one of the constituted guardians of the Seminary, and for the greater part of the time he has been its Treasurer and General Agent. He has stood by the Seminary in its darkest hours. How much he has thought, planned, prayed and labored for it, can never be known in this world ; and to this object he devoted his very last labors. It may truly be said that he died with the Seminary upon his hand and heart.”

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Such a death of such a man seems rather a translation. We are reminded of Moses and Elias. We draw very near to Heaven, as we see its gates swung open to welcome this pilgrim of many years, whose footsteps had not faltered through all the way. Heaven is rendered at once more palpable and more blessed, as we behold these men who have walked with God on earth, the spirits of the just made perfect. Soon may we, having followed their faith and conversation, be united with their goodly fellowship.


SERMON BY PROFESSOR GEORGE SHEPARD,

DELIVERED IN THE CENTRAL CHURCH, BANGOR,

SEPT. 9TH, 1855.

And Enoch walked with God, and was not; for God took him.
Gen. 5; 24.

It must have struck every one how much of character the bible often gives in a very few words. There are but three scriptural references to this ancient saint, and each of these exceedingly brief. The one I have selected as my text affirms his character and his end. Enoch walked with God. Here we have his character. The statement is comprehensive, yet necessarily involving many specific traits. And he was not: for God took him. Here we have his end, so far as earth is concerned. His translation without seeing death is not here explicitly declared, as it is declared. And he was not, for God took him, might have been affirmed of him if he had passed away in the usual mode. And still there is that in the account as given by Moses which indicates that the change was a translation; and that conclusion would doubtless have been drawn had there been no other statement with the authority of inspiration. In all the other cases, as the statement rapidly proceeds in this chapter, Moses affirms that they died. Not so Enoch. *God took him* right in the freshness of his manhood—at the age of four hundred and thirty years. Took him: the same word which is used in reference to Elijah and his leaving the scenes of earth. Knowest thou, said the prophet to Elisha, that the Lord will take thy master?—the word never used of taking by death, but only in this extraordinary mode.



But in Paul's reference to Enoch the case is fully settled. By faith Enoch was translated that he should not see death; and was not found, because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony: that he pleased God.

Here we have a specific quality authoritatively assigned him: namely, Faith. By faith, in consequence of his faith, he was translated. This the quality by which he so eminently pleased God. This the quality which so fitted him for that presence, that God *took him*.

The third important reference to this patriarch, and one that is descriptive of character, is made by the apostle Jude (14) as follows: And Enoch also, the seventh from Adam, prophesied of these things, saying: Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds, which they have ungodly committed, and of all the hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken against Him. Where Jude found this solemn word of the Patriarch—whether he took it as a tradition orally transmitted or quoted it from a book extant at the time, as many suppose—a book which has come down to us, called the book of Enoch, and containing a sentiment very similar to the one the apostle introduces: it matters very little which of these suppositions prevails, or neither. We have the authority of one inspired upon this, as an utterance of Enoch. The same authority pronouncing him a prophet,—certainly one who uttered prophecies—and this specimen we have, implies what Paul directly attributed to him, faith, far reaching and positive. The attribute of vigor, stern severity appears in him, a believer in, an expectant of a just retribution from the hand of God.

But all is implied in the text, in these four words of it: Enoch walked with God. His character is all wrapped in those four words. May we not then with propriety analyze this generic statement, resolving it into the specific qualities which must have obtained in this patriarch, and must obtain in any saint, patriarch or christian, who attains to the distinction of this descriptive: He walked with God.

One implied characteristic is this—and this indeed is somewhat comprehensive, namely, a thoroughly reconciled and accordant mind—a mind perfectly according with the character and will of God, as He himself has revealed his own character and will.

The bible says, and all experience confirms it, How can two walk together except they be agreed? The fact of Enoch's walking with God, certainly implies that absolute accordance: first, knowledge of God in all His attributes and purposes, then, approval; no wish to change; admiration of Him as He is, of His plan as it is, His administration, sublimely mysterious, as He conducts it. Here it is that faith comes in as an implied quality; one which must be prominent and active in him who walks with God. Because God is infinite in His Being and purposes, consequently but little of Him, comparatively, can be revealed to the human apprehension, but little grasped, known by the creature. Here, where communication is not, vision is not, knowledge is not, faith must be. So it is that he who walks with God walks by faith. It is faith that apprehends God and brings him near. The soul touches and tastes while it cannot see. Though all is dark, or the way is beset with dangers; or no end or safe conclusion is revealed, faith encourages the soul to go, for God goes with it. He walks with God; wherever God

shall guide or lead the way, or simply indicate the course, is satisfied, simply because of this spirit of trust—confidence. It is God. No more is wanted; forward, be what may before, onward walking with God, submission to his appointment, His providence or stroke, be they what they may; confidence, adherence, blessed harmony, sweet accordance through all, because of the consciousness that it is God, because of the faith, the trust in Him; in His power, His wisdom, His goodness still.

Another feature or trait is this: namely, that quality or state of mind which readily turns toward God, and seeks, even thirsts for intercourse, communion with Him. The quality is almost indefinable; the result of it is very obvious. It is intercourse, converse with God; in the case of the patriarch perhaps direct communications from God. But now God's speaking to us by His word, ever vital, fresh as though direct from Him. He who walks with God, then, has this characteristic; has a keen appetite and relish for God's word, is often at this oracle whence God speaks—a bible lover—a bible reader—an eater of these words and truths divine, and he meditates thereon; and so it is he maintains intercourse. He walks with God. He is satisfied with this medium, this oracle of communication, because he has faith. But it is intercourse, free and mutual. He speaks to God often, in humble approach, in earnest prayer. Such an one is *marked* as a man of prayer—one whose life it is to pray—prays as he breathes, without ceasing prays. Thus, in part, it is that he walks with God.

The idea of habitualness, this as the unvarying habit and tenor of his mind and life, comes into this matter of walking with God. One who *does* this, who attains to this blest descriptive, you know where to find him, always

there, always the same—walking with God. Uniform, deep principled steadfastness, is his confessed characteristic.

Great tenderness of conscience—a fear to offend and wound, a desire to please God in all things, belongs to him who maintains this walk. Such an one strives for this testimony, and this testimony he gives that he pleases God. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. Who thus fears and pleases Him, a peculiar testimony obtains. How condescending and wonderful on the part of God, that He so mingles with His creature, so manifests Himself to His disciple, shows him such favor, gives him such tokens, admits him to such familiarities. Yet this is implied, this the very essence of the idea; they walk together, come near, one to the other, the most confidential communications pass, the most intimate interchange of sentiment and affection takes place; close, tender fellowship of mind and heart. He that walks with God, assuredly has this fellowship—and closely connected is strong affection. Strong and ever growing affection has he for the Lord, and the Lord the like for him. Such love on the part of the disciple for the Lord is most blessed. It fills and blesses his soul as nothing earthly can. Such love, so large and free, from the Infinitely Great and Good to such as he, one regarding himself as so insignificant and so unworthy, is amazing and most melting to him; and thus the fact of the love, increases the love, the manifestation of it makes it more and keeps it more.

There is assimilation of character where there is this walking with God. The disciple tends towards the heavenly, becomes more and more like the Divine pattern. This one of the blessed results, or fruits—growth in knowledge, in spirituality, in affection for the pure and the heavenly, a ripeness of experience and character, the

attainment of a state of mind and heart kindred with that above, that state which constitutes a meetness to be there, and makes the transfer when it comes so suddenly, as admirable as easy. Such was he who walked with God, and was not, for God took him.

The text reminds us of what has recently transpired among us, of what indeed we have lost—what God has taken from us. I refer to the death of our venerated counsellor and friend, the senior officer of this church. Such his character, his position, his influence, and such my protracted and intimate relation to him, you will allow me, as I was not permitted to participate in the services of his funeral, a few words upon him at this time. I speak not for the family nor by their request, but for the church and the people. I speak not for eulogy, but for edification. It is not my purpose to attempt any extended description of character, for that would *be* eulogy. I know very well what our departed friend would desire in the premises—that we lay him out of the account, and honor only the grace of God. This was ever his own mode. This the admirable beauty of his character, that he insisted upon putting himself out of sight, ever seemed to hold his own words and works in very low appreciation. His was a singular diffidence and self-distrust in saying or doing, and yet the moment the conviction of duty came—forward and ready to speak and to do. Notwithstanding the ever checking diffidence and the most sensitive fear of not doing discreetly and right, yet a most unusual amount and quantity of valid doing was his. He was usually *decided* on a matter before him, if it belonged to him to be so. He was commonly found with an opinion and a purpose and promptness. All through there was that balance, that offset of qualities which made a delightful symmetry—a singular completeness. What was

striking was the result of combination—the beauty—the effectiveness, the result of combination. No dissentient attribute or force, but the whole man wrought into unity, and working with compactness and steadfastness, all for the glory of God and the well-being of man. These four words we assign as his honoured descriptive: He walked with God. When I was unexpectedly apprized of his sudden departure, there sprang up in my mind, as with the flash of the agent which brought the sad news, those inspired words: Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him. Blessed man! Great the loss to us; far greater the gain to thyself. We lament his death, and yet we must concede it came just right for him; as to the time and manner just right. It found him ready. For years past we believe it could not have found him otherwise. The whole arrangement was of the Divine ordering, and together constitutes an admirable fitness—completeness. His life in its course and its finish, like his character, complete. Fitting was it that death should find him in the fresh capacity of work, as to be useful was always his aliment and life; fitting that he should be found actually, earnestly at work, and this for others. As the last look of a friend is the one we ever carry with us, so the thought of him, as he appeared before us at the last, is the thought we ever associate with his memory. How fitting in the case of Deacon Adams, the picture of him which comes before our minds, and ever will, of the erect, elastic, prompt, working christian and man; for so it ever was, and never more so than on the day he was transferred. You saw him thus, and soon you saw him not. He was not found, for God took him. Of this there will be much to remind us. *Not found.* We shall look for him almost unconsciously, again and again, and as often have repeated our disappointment—not found. Not found in the

Sunday School, where he has been found since the dawn of the institution—from its first slender beginning in this city—when not as a teacher, a docile learner, ever giving his presence, his wisdom, his prayers, his sympathy to the young—a heart like to their heart—ever present to win them by his example, his counsel and his smile.

Not found!—the man who was always in his place. Not found in the prayer meeting! That was a place, pre-eminently, that he loved, and because he loved it, a place where he always was. If not there, we knew it was not customary business or any ordinary hindrance that detained him, but only stern necessity. He loved the place, because he loved the presence there promised, and the duties there performed. The testimony of his life was to the vast importance and efficacy of the prayer meeting, and the stature he attained, we believe, was in part from the nutriment of the prayer meeting. It has been among our saddest forecasts that the time could not be distant when Deacon Adams would not be found in our prayer meetings; his presence so cheered us when his words were withheld. But it is not well to despond, but remember that though the pillars fall the promise stands, and He ever lives who has said, I will be in the midst of you to bless you.

Not found—he whose home was in the house of God, and whose reliance under God was greatly upon its privileges and ordinances; relying seemingly the more, and prizing yet more highly this place and its privileges, the more he advanced in holiness, and the nearer he came to heaven. Not here to-day, but in that higher temple.

Not found—he who was always for doing things thoroughly and right, as they should be done, not willing to bend principle to accommodate circumstances. Not found—he who joined to strict principle and fidelity in its use, a spirit of concession and charity in view of human

infirmity, ever slow to condemn, ever ready to cherish and help. Not found—he who moved among us as the embodiment of an integrity, an honesty, scrupulous almost to excess, so unquestionably dominant and visible that all saw it, and no one ever could for a moment doubt it.

Not found—he who carried among us an air of cheerfulness, and uttered over our despondency words of encouragement; who safely led us, who steadily shone upon us, whose silence was a testimony, whose presence, to such as knew him, was a demonstration.

In all this, my only aim is to give credit to the grace of God, to the religion that made and saved him; and the highest praise we can confer upon him, certainly the highest satisfaction to him, if in any sense in sympathy with us, is to be instructed by his life, and by his death, incited to copy as we can what grace wrought in him—that appreciation of truth and fidelity to principle; that frank profession and utterance thereof; that ascendancy of conscience; that consistency of right living, living religion in all the scenes of business and of life; that spirit and love of prayer; that affinity for the meeting of prayer which always brought him there; that honest, unequalled punctuality; that buoyant freshness of soul, that spoke to bless; that resource of a fountain within giving power to bless. The same grace, my brethren, the same high source of replenishment, is proffered and is open to us, and divine promise and human example now concur to draw us to the place where we too may be blessed, and be filled and endowed with a power to bless others. I shall have time now only to suggest two or three items of reflection or remark. One is simply to turn your attention to the style of character furnished by the genuine puritan principles, fed by puritan blood. I regard the character before us, this afternoon, as the legitimate growth, an

exact counterpart of the puritan's high-toned principles and religion; alike the stern integrity and the genial tenderness, the product of those earnest and stringent principles. And nothing less and nothing short, certainly no dilution, as we are fast diluting, will produce this high order of character. We are diluting, and sinking down, we are getting into other fashions; the noble order is fast passing away. I fear about the last has left us.

2. The measure and height of usefulness which flows from character, is another reflection forced upon us: character in its completeness, *marked* with unvarying consistency, on which no deforming stain appears; character which always carries the deep impression of sincerity, which exhibits the crown and rule of genuine love. Such a character will do more, in a world like this, than all else beside; more to convince and win and save; more than gold, or office or eloquence. We see this made out before our eyes, and we know well it is what we each may be, without gifts or fortune; by *grace* we may be this. And we all have a responsibility here, and we may rise up and fulfil it, remembering that our first duty and effort is in the line of character, without which, without the love which is the spring, and strength, and the glory of it, we are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal; with which, the world will feel our presence and miss our departure.

We are reminded, let me further remark, of the comforts of an unquestionably christian death, so gently described, so sure in its conclusion as to admit the description, God took him. No labors or responsibilities left for that hour: the duties all done, the words all said. Nothing left but for the departing one to say, "Lord receive," and the Lord take—take home that trusting spirit. There are comforts in this for the living, though so sudden as to admit of no parting evidence or testimony. All

well; the life is the evidence, and the life lifts up its column of testimony, the comfort of absolute assurance that our friend has gone to heaven. You cannot mourn the fact, or wish him back, and take off that crown he wears, and that robe of immortal life.


* * * * *

Man dies; the disciple we cannot spare dies. The Ever-living one lives! There is help in Him when the godly cease, and the faithful fail from among the children of men. The prayers of David the son of Jesse, are ended. The Advocate, the Intercessor above abides there to pray for us, to protect and carry forward his own cause. Smitten though we are we will praise Him still.

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things, and who ever doeth all things well. Blessed be His glorious name forever; and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

Concluding pages of a sermon preached at Brunswick, by Rev. G. E. ADAMS, Sept. 9, 1855. Heb., 6: 12:

But a brief word I may and must utter respecting his attachment to the cause of Jesus Christ in the world. I verily believe this attachment was with him supreme. We always saw and felt that he preferred Jerusalem above his chief joy. He would almost have been willing to be in debt, were it but honestly, for the cause of religion. His deathless love to his children was subordinate to his love



for Christ. "I should not have made the effort I did for the education of my sons, had it not been for the hope that God in mercy would call them to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to their dying fellow men." The cause of truth, of piety, of salvation, was to him a sublime reality; and in the spirit of his master—with whatever deficiencies incidental to our earthly humanity—he gave himself to it and for it.

Hence his labors in the Sabbath School. Hence his pecuniary gifts, so prompt and methodical, so abundant for his circumstances. Hence his unfailing presence in the sanctuary and in the place of social prayer. Hence his almost universal readiness to speak, in private, or in the prayer meeting, a word for the gospel. Hence his constant and faithful co-operation with his minister in every good work.

It is not for me to speak of the results of his labors, but only what he desired and attempted. Eternity will disclose the glorious fruits. Some of them are obvious to some observers now.

I have said my father loved the cause of Christ. I must make a more generic statement, and say he was a *religious man*. Religion ran through his whole character and life. Religion modified his love for his parents and his children. Religion made him anxious to pay his debts, and upheld him in his endeavors to do it. Religion comforted him when toiling alone on his Black River farm, and sustained and animated him in his long, and wearisome, and solitary journeys in the region of the Penobscot. Religion! He believed in God, loved Him and feared Him. To him God was ever present, and His universal providence a blessed reality. He believed in the recompenses of the world to come. Do not his children *know* that he was a

religious man? that religion was the warp and woof of his being? When did we ever hear him utter an irreverent, a repining, a distrustful word? Said our dying brother, "If I were to be proud of anything it would be of father. He makes me think of Bunyan's Great-Heart. When *he* comes to the river, and comes to the city, he will walk—right up—like one that belongs there." Religion! Have we not seen it these fifty years? Do we not *know* his love for the bible, for the sanctuary, for all the institutions and truths of religion? Did ever one of us, for a moment, have any more doubt of his piety than of the piety of Paul or John?

There was a certain wholeness in the character of him I speak of, rather uncommon and remarkable; a roundness, a completeness. Some men are good in spots; faithful in certain ways. It seems to me he failed in scarcely any important particular. He had a lowly opinion of himself, but he was bold as a lion for the truth. He held high and stern views of the requirements of the gospel, and yet was upon the whole, liberal and charitable toward others, increasingly so in his later years. He would deny himself to save a farthing, but that farthing saved, he would multiply by a hundred and give to the poor.

He contributed his words to the cause of God, but with equal readiness his money. He loved and studied the bible, but he was equally faithful to his Day-book and Ledger.

We do not say he was without faults, or that he was a perfect man. We say that he was a good man, that we can recall scarce a fault worth speaking of; and that he had a great number of excellencies which it would be well for his children and all others diligently to copy. "Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

The good man had his reward. No, I will not say "reward," for, unless his views are greatly changed, it would pain him, even in heaven, to hear that word uttered in such a connection. I will say rather, that God for Christ's sake accepted and blessed him.

For many years he owed no man anything. His children were educated and settled in life, and we hope trying to serve their generation, all professedly believers in the gospel. His health was almost perfect. Every one respected him and spoke well of him. The anxieties and sorrows of his earlier life were past. He was called to no exhausting labors, but was still able to do something for the church, and for his Saviour. Death had no terrors for him, for he was ready, in all respects ready to depart. His eighty-second birth-day arrived, and he made record, with his own hand, of his prosperity and the "goodness of the Lord." A few weeks passed, and the long expected summons came. No lingering sickness; no days and nights of wasting bodily anguish. From the midst of his labors he was taken to his bed. A few hours of suffering—he turned himself over, and his spirit was with Christ. In less than an hour, his sons, though in somewhat distant places, knew that he was gone, and were preparing to gather, with their sisters, around his remains and follow them to the grave.

We looked upon his serene and happy countenance, we remembered his love, his sympathy, his instructions, his prayers. We thanked God that he had given us such a father. We triumphed in his beautiful death, and in the thought of the blessedness on which he had entered. After appropriate public services, we laid his body down, in sure and certain hope, beside the graves of our mother and brother, on the spot which he had long ago pointed

out to us as the pleasantest spot to him on earth. That same evening, the lecture preparatory to the communion occurring in its regular course at the church where our father was a member, and of which he was one of the principal founders, the discourse, by Rev. G. W. Field, was on the subject of "patient continuance in well doing," and ended thus :

" In conclusion allow me to say that no better illustration could possibly be given of what is meant by patience in well doing, than the life of that sainted man who has just passed from the midst of you. He was not one who had occasional high-wrought raptures ; he had not a remarkable early experience of which he could give a glowing account. But he was always doing good, patiently continuing in well doing, in season, out of season, at home, and when visiting abroad. At times when others were engaged and zealous, and when they were indifferent and listless, he was always in the same uniform attitude of patiently striving to do his Master's will. Up to the very termination of his long life, he was quietly at work, not only in the outward spheres of activity, but still more in the culture of those unseen graces of the heart, which make the christian character. He did not make excuse of the gathering infirmities of age to retire from an active interest in the cause of Christ, nor did he, satisfied with the goodly reputation which a long life of faithfulness had

wrought out, rest from his labors as a victor upon a conquered field. He was always forgetting the things that were past, and pressing forward to those that were before.

“How watchful over his speech! how guardful of his temper! how fervent and constant in his prayers! how humble, how trustful, how grateful in his spirit. It was no small part of his felicity and of God’s goodness to him, that while yet in full possession of his manly understanding, his vigor unabated, his physical sense even, almost unimpaired, his sun having swept the full circle of the heavens, hung at last over its western horizon, with no one dimming cloud before it, and shining in the full splendor of its meridian clearness, and his soul went in triumph to that heaven where his conversation and his treasure had always been; and he carried with him a maturity and completeness of christian character, of which perhaps few examples are left behind.

“How near his Saviour he now is, to what intimacies of communion and friendship, to what height of honor and felicity advanced, we cannot know, till we too make the great change. Happy if even then, at humble distance, we may behold the clear shining of his glory, as of a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of our God.”

PROFESSOR SHEPARD'S SERMON,
 Preached Oct. 5, 1856, with large omissions to avoid
 repetition :

A SUCCESSFUL LIFE.

And he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

Sentences which embodied peculiarly great and important truths our Lord was accustomed to put in a paradoxical and startling form, and by the very form summon attention to the truth. So here. He that loseth his life shall find it. This he repeated in different connections, showing how great the importance he attached to it. In John the form is slightly changed. He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. The meaning is the subordination of the life here and every thing pertaining to it. Whoever does this, and makes God and the spiritual interests supreme ; subordinates the present, the temporal, to the Divine and the Eternal, makes the great purpose of his being terminate *there*, shall accomplish every desirable end of his being. To cease to live for this, to live for that, is the certain way to gain both *this* and *that*.

We have then in this a divine rule for a successful life. I referred two Sabbaths since to the illustration of this principle furnished by the life and character of Daniel. I propose to-day to illustrate the same by the life of one whom we all revered, and to whose example and words we have all been greatly indebted, and whose image is still fresh in our minds and hearts. I need not tell you that I refer to Deacon Adams. Having in possession the account of his life, in his own words, written within a year of his decease, and the reading of it having greatly impressed me as a picture of a successful life, and

instructed me as to the mode of gaining it, I have ventured to bring the subject before you—this subject, A successful Life—as shown by the course of our departed monitor and friend. The woof of my discourse will be facts of his own stating.

To proceed at once to the statements, and the facts going to develop the theory of a successful life, and to illustrate the sententious scripture, that whosoever loseth his life shall save it.

In the first place I remark, that in the case of our friend the foundation of it seems to be laid in race—a sort of Abrahamic line; a line of Godly living; the successive inheritance of such an example, and the far richer inheritance of ancestral prayers.

* * * * *

The religious influences under which he grew, and which formed his character, were the example of his parents, the constant pattern before his eyes in them, of right living, much religious conversation in his presence, and not a little direct instruction to him. Another thing was the maintaining of a very decided, but affectionately tempered authority—a parental government which always required and always received obedience. The fruits of this course were early seen. As early as five years of age he records a night of tender and earnest religious exercises, when he seemed first to commit his soul in faith to the keeping of his Heavenly Father.

I would remark here that there manifestly was nothing in his history of a marked and formal conversion, but the evidences of piety reach back to the first openings of an intellectual life.


* * * * *

It is laid still farther—and this is another point illustrated by our friend, and presented for the imitation of the young, of all those before me who have parents—the foundation of success in life, God's blessing on your life, is laid in the honoring of parents; honoring them by affection, by obedience, by a tender cherishing of them. This was signally shown in the case of our friend. The authority on the part of these parents, I have said, was tempered with love; and it won love in return; thus securing ever a cheerful obedience. He relates one circumstance which indicates the tenderness of his boyish mind on the subject of filial obedience, which occurred, he says, "sixty-nine years ago last winter—the winter after I was eleven years old, and which I remember to this day with the deepest regret." [Page 18.]

* * * * *

Before leaving the boyhood of our friend, I wish to adduce one thing in his own language which speaks volumes to all the youth and children before me, though he says it in only three lines. "I had from early childhood a very great abhorrence of profane swearing, and if I ever heard a boy use profane language, I marked him, and would have nothing to do with him."

His subsequent care of his parents we adduce as another thing which lay at the foundation of his success in life. You know how full the Bible is on this subject, how rich and peculiar its promises to those who, to the end, honor and cherish their parents. The case of his father stood thus: It took all the vigor of his remaining years to discharge the debts he incurred, by devotion to his country, during the revolutionary war. Our friend, the eldest son, assumed the support of his father and mother for the



remainder of their days. And this was the end, under God, of all his earthly schemes and labors—to make his parents comfortable and happy. For this purpose he penetrated into what was then an unbroken wilderness in New York State, to what is now Whitestown, bought a tract of land, and there for successive summers, almost in solitude, by incredible labors and hardships, and with a sickness nigh unto death, he cleared a section of a farm, built a dwelling, and adjusted things as fast as he could toward decency and comfort, sustained through all and nerved in his work by the hope that he might thus make provision for the comfort of his parents.

* * * * *

If he had held on and lived at that spot he would soon have become a rich man, and his sagacity doubtless began to see it. But wealth was no object with him. First it was the glory of God, next the comfort of his parents. When at length the friends thought it not expedient at their age to remove these parents into such remoteness, and a region so new, he yielded, gave up his prospects there, solely because it was thought he might elsewhere do more for those parents. To a more genial spot he took them, took care of them, and while they needed his care lived for them. But I must leave this point, earnestly commending it to the copying of the young—this care for parents—as an essential condition, made so by God, proved so by this and numberless other examples, an essential condition of success in the life that now is, and for the life to come.

* * * * *

The one great point illustrated by the example before us, and this covers everything, is, success in life as found-

ed in and depending upon the fixing and keeping fixed in the soul, and making supreme there, a right purpose and end in living. With Deacon Adams there was that purpose; we all saw it, and we know it was not for this world in any of its forms of good: it was ever for that Being above, for that life before.

It is most interesting to see the safe guiding and the admirable shaping effected by this ascendant right purpose in all the details of character. This it is which accounts for that inflexible honesty, and that love of honesty, and for those long toils and trials, that he might be honest.

* * * * *

His desire to pay his debts, led him at length into the State of Maine.

Here the ascendancy of this desire put him cheerfully to any labor and hardship. This, with one other desire, not only ruled his heart, but grew to be a passion; it not only kept him up, but fired his whole nature. "Sometimes, in those days," he says, "when I had become so tired as to be ready to give up, the thought that I might live to see my debts paid, and my children educated, would give me such a spring that I would almost forget that I had a body." Such the type, the intensity of his integrity! Such a feeling about discharging debts! Is it at all a fashion in our days?

* * * * *

This elevation of the right and true end of life kept every other matter pertaining to life and conduct, steady and right. Sabbath-keeping, even against the surprises of interest, was in his case an unquestioned law. An incident illustrating this, is thus told by one of his sons. "At a time when father was engaged in the Penobscot lumber trade, a business which sometimes seems to require

attention on the Sabbath as urgently as a burning house, one Sabbath morning a man came driving down from Old Town, where the "logs" were, and began to deliver his message as if it were a matter of great importance. "Deacon, I have come to tell you"——"It is Sabbath day," said father. "Yes, but Deacon"——"It is Sabbath day," was still the reply, and the messenger was obliged to leave without telling his object in coming. Whether the "boom" was in danger of breaking, and so all the logs going to sea, I do not know; but this I know: the beams out of the timber of his house never cried to him "thou hast despised my Sabbaths."

* * * * *

The true end of life—that which God appoints—elevated as the actual end and kept so, then follow calmness amid exposures, submission in adversities, patience through long protracted trials—the chronic sorrows and burdens of life—in short every essential grace and virtue of the character.

All these were found in our friend, philosophically emanating from the primal purpose, and we pronounce it a *successful life*. Every single purpose of his mind he reached. He was not rich, for it appears that he never had the least desire to be rich; never moved a muscle of his finger for that object. But he had a competence; as much of this world as was for his comfort and his good, always perfectly contented with what he had.

He had a character beyond assailment, which enabled him to achieve a life of quiet but preeminent usefulness.

He gained what was first and highest of all—the satisfaction of seeing all his children hopefully pious; three sons publicly educated and preaching the gospel he so prized, one son, the youngest, by a singularly bright and triumphant path, passing on before to Heaven.

For himself he attained to say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." "Although I cannot say that I enjoy the full assurance of hope." I am rather surprised at this statement. *He* not a full assurance? If the righteous scarcely be saved! "Yet I can say I do rejoice that the Lord Jesus Christ reigns, and that he will reign till he has subdued all things to himself. I do rejoice in the glorious way of salvation, brought to light in the gospel through repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."

A few weeks passed, and he came to his translation. On our part is it, whatever his own, an assured faith that his was a brief passage to an endless life and joy.

Now put it together what he was—what he gained—what he left—where he is—and what he there possesses and enjoys—and who will not say *that was a successful life?*

If there were time, I should like to trace out some matters which are essential, and yet have been omitted. The faith in the doctrine of Christ, his blood and righteousness he so profoundly held; those doctrines he ever loved, and was never ashamed to profess; the constancy with which he fed his soul with the bread and wine of these great truths, and as he ate them, they made to grow the bone and muscle of his character, his constancy in the worship of God, and in the place where God is worshiped—here I strike a vital point—one of the seeds that sprang that harvest of success. An unwavering steadiness in the public worship of God; this worship a habit, a business. I commend this part of him to the inconstant occupiers of many of these pews; and with all confidence I say to every man, woman and child here, you cannot go through life prosperous, and in eternity stand, children and friends with you, with the crown of success on your

brow, if you are not here a steadfast worshiper and witness of Him who made you. A bible full of words, and a world full of facts, support me in what I say.

Them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed.

But I must close, and all is brought to a single point. Will you set up the right end of life? Lose *this*, live mainly for *that*, and let this take care of itself, as it will, and God will take care of it? Does not this path of a successful life, and to a blissful eternity, persuade you and win you?

A WORD MORE.

This narrative and this testimony have been written more than fifteen years. So long is it since mortal eyes have looked upon him—now clothed with immortality—to whom they relate; so long, yet those of his family and friends who remain, can easily recall his image. Nay uncalled, he often seems to stand before them. But do the children, the grandchildren, see him? Can anything be added which will avail, that his name shall be to them more than a sound? Description of face, utterance, figure, movement, would be useless. Possibly a few incidents which recur to memory, taken in part from the preceding pages, may aid them in discerning what manner of man he was.

THE OUTER MAN.

When he had told his story to the man who owned a flour-mill at the “end of the road” * * * “and desired him to send me whatever flour or meal I might send for during the summer, and, before I left the country in the autumn I would pay him, he looked at me a moment, and replied, ‘you may order what you please and I will supply you.’” [Page 27.]

The man who had said he “would not be taken alive

by an officer," after a few minutes conversation, took the skiff he had drawn up on the shore, came over and ferried across the river the sheriff who had come to arrest him. [Page 49.]

A few years before his death, in Albany, N. Y., he called on a distant relative whom he had never seen, but in whom he was interested on account of his friendship with other members of the family. Father stood before Mr. T., unannounced, and said, "You do not know who I am." Mr. T. looked at him steadily, and said, "Yes I do. There is but one Eliashib Adams in the world, and you are that man."

A lady said to her friend, "Who is that old gentleman?" "That? that is Deacon Adams." "Isn't he a grand old aristocrat?" The term aristocrat was a strange one as applied to him, but it meant *something* that was really there.

Some time in his last year, in company with several others, he visited at the house of a friend. When the party broke up, the evening was found to be intensely dark, and, the walking being bad, we were disposed to proceed slowly and cautiously. But father in his usual way took his cane and went forward, so much in advance of the rest, that some one called out to him, "Stop, Deacon! If you go on at that rate, you will get into the next century before we overtake you."

A man—the world knows him well, but I will not mention his name—who had never seen the original, after

contemplating father's picture for some minutes, was overheard to say, "what an immense moral development!"

THE INNER MAN.

Inscription on the family monument at Mount Hope—
his own words.—[Page 44.]

"I have no recollection that I ever desired to be rich, or that my children should be. But I did desire most earnestly to pay ~~my~~ honest debts, to give my children a good education, and that ~~they~~ might early become pious and useful in the world, and that we might all, through rich grace in Jesus Christ, meet, at last, an unbroken family in heaven."



HENRY M. ADAMS.

* * * Surely we steal
On towards eternity.—
Lord is this death?—I only feel
Down in some sea with thee.—*Faber.*

"I have tried to teach Henry how to live, but he has taught me how to die," said our father, as he returned from the burial of his youngest son.

Henry had inherited the feeble physical constitution of one parent, and the strong, hopeful, faithful spirit of the other. Always a sufferer, though on his death bed he remarked, "it never occurred to me before, that I had a harder time than people in general. Why, the best day I ever saw, to *think* of doing what father has done, would be more than I could well bear."

Henry was never able to study, but what he *read* was as a nail fastened in a sure place. "Poor boy, you do not know much," said one of the family to him, when he was about ten years of age. "I know what is in this book," he replied. The book was Irving's Columbus, which, standing by the table whole evenings, standing because he suffered less in that position, he had read. "What is in that book?" Then quietly, as if it were all written on some inner tablet, he gave an epitome of the whole three volumes. He could not be educated in the schools, but he could *see*, and what he had seen, as he once said, he "did not seem to remember," the church, the ship, the city stood before him. He could see it now.

At the age of fourteen, finding that ill health incapacitated him for exertion at home, and being unwilling, without an effort, to relinquish his desire to become a useful

man, Henry persuaded his reluctant parents and friends to allow him the trial of a sailor's life. At first there seemed reason to hope the experiment would be a successful one. After a severe illness, during his first voyage, which he forgot to mention in his letters, he gained flesh and strength and stature, and continued generally to improve, until at a certain time being in Matanzas at a very sickly season, and enduring, in common with his companions, great and needless exposure, through the tyranny of the avaricious captain, he contracted a disease from which he never recovered. Still "Hope on, hope ever," sometimes translated "Never say die," was his motto. And when at the age of nineteen he became "Captain," his friends hoped much from the change in his condition; and he did stand erect, and talk of being "*well—well enough*"; hoped nobody would be anxious about *him*." But the cruel disease never left him, and there is not much rest in a sailor's life in any capacity.

"I could never give up the care to my mate," said he, "because I never had one who could not go to sleep as soon as he turned in; so I never really slept at sea."

One day, reclining in the cabin, with his barometer in sight—it was his last voyage, the return trip from Point Petre, Guadaloupe, to Wilmington, North Carolina—he gave orders that the sails should be taken in. "Why!" said the mate in astonishment, "there never was a finer day, not a cloud to be seen, and such a breeze! just what we want."

"Carry me up," said H., "and we will see what can be done." The sailors took him in his arm chair to the deck, and he "guessed those men stepped round for an hour," when, just as the last rope was made fast the hurricane came, "which would not have left us a rag." He gained his port the next day, while several other

vessels in their company were driven to sea, and did not arrive for ten days. "Those ten days would have made an end of me," said he, "I should have never seen the land." At Wilmington, Mr. George W. Davis, to whom his cargo was consigned, came on board, and seeing how low he was, said, "if you stay here you will die; if you go to a hotel you will die. You must come to my house and remain until you are able to go home." So he went, and remained three weeks, receiving every attention and kindness. Seven years after, one of the family being in Wilmington, saw Mr. Davis, and was surprised to find that Henry's name awakened as much emotion as if he had been a brother instead of a stranger. The clerk in the store, and the servant boy who attended him, remembered his sojourn as if it had been the week before. Mr. Davis spoke of his piety, and said "his wife was much the same way, and enjoyed his society greatly." She kept the letter which gave her an account of his last days, among her treasures. So pleasant a memory did our sick sailor brother leave in the hearts of the "blessed" strangers who "took him in."

Having gained a little strength, Henry proceeded early in January from Wilmington, to New York, reached at length the house of his brother Aaron, then residing in that vicinity, and lay down, perhaps to die. But one night the yearning for home came upon him, and he said, "I am strong enough, I must go in the morning." So he came on to the house of his brother in Brunswick, Maine, where he waited for the ice to leave the Penobscot, being unable to travel farther except by water.

Henry arrived at Bangor, the second week in April. He came to his sister's house, where he remained a week or two, while at the other home, his mother was passing through the last days of her pilgrimage. He had written

that he was better, "the doctors said he would rally, would come round all right," and we confidently expected to see indications of returning health. But the driving round the back way to avoid the steps, the death-like hands, the shrinking from observation, the reasons given for his apparent feebleness "just now—he should be better in a few days," told another story.

"You must not tell me anything that will shock me," he said, "I cannot bear it very well. I shall find things out by degrees." And he never inquired about his mother—but noticed—and knew. Once he dragged himself across the street and walked on the piazza under her window, and satisfied himself that she was living. The day after the end came, he said to his father, "you have made me a long call—are you not needed at home?" "No, I am not needed there." Nothing more was said, but after a short drive, and his dinner, and a little rest, Henry said, "I should like to see the morning paper." The next day he said, "if it is convenient, I should like to go home now." And after a little preparation of his room, etc., he was removed.

The day after his arrival in Bangor, he had asked his physician, "shall I live or die? Tell me just what you think. I am not afraid to know the truth." Thus adjured and assured, the doctor replied, "I cannot give you much encouragement that you will ever be well. You may be more comfortable." "Thank you," said Henry, "I understand all about it."


Still, for a few days he kept up the illusion of waiting upon himself, coming down stairs, watching an opportunity when no one could see how great the effort was, and

in many ways exerted himself beyond his strength. But after he really found himself at home, he seemed like one who had dropped a burden under which he had been staggering, and was ready to go lightly on to the end of his journey. No more earthly hopes to be disappointed. No more of life's responsibilities for him.

When it became evident that nothing but rapid decline could be expected, we began to treasure in our hearts all he said; but knowing that time and repetition would obliterate the exactness of expression, each of his brothers and sisters whose privilege it was to be with him, took the earliest opportunity to record what they themselves heard. His talk was generally with one, as his extreme nervous sensibility made it painful to have several in the room at once, so that we each heard something which the others did not.

NOTES BY E. L. C.

Once as I sat by him when he was very low, he said, "It is a great comfort that my friends are willing to do so much for me. I wish I could remember something I had done for them. I have had it in my heart, but"—closing his eyes with a look which said as plainly as any words—"Thy will be done," "God did not permit it." Another time when he was suffering much, though I know not how it was indicated except by an expression of fortitude, he opened his eyes a moment and said, "these are light afflictions." The doctor said his list of complaints in the morning was unlike that of most invalids. "How have you passed the night?" "Oh, pretty well, for a sick man, you know. Of course I could not be perfectly comfortable, but I had some good sleep, I am sure of that."



Wondering at his own calmness, and wishing by all means to assure himself that he had good reason for it, he called the doctor back one evening, when he had bidden him good night, and said, "I have not seen many people die. You have. But have you seen them in full possession of their faculties, young, with everything to live for, as I have, perfectly aware that they are going down to the grave, and entirely happy in that consciousness, unless they had strength given them from above, unless they had faith in the Lord Jesus Christ?" "That is it," said the doctor, "you are right." "So," said Henry afterward, "everything encourages me. This is not the assurance of man, but it shows what facts are."

When brother John, for whom he had been waiting with a subdued, yet earnest longing, arrived, his nervous system was so much prostrated, that it was full two hours before he could see him. He all the time looked very placid and would say "in about five minutes I think I can see him." At length in a low faint whisper he said "tell John he may come and see Faint Heart. Tell him he is on the track, has got almost through and hasn't seen any lions yet."

Once when he asked me to do something for him which he had been accustomed to do for himself, he said, with a deeper feeling for his own sufferings than I ever saw in him at any other time, "I *have* suffered a great deal by trying to act like a well man. I did not know it was proper for me to ask assistance."

Speaking of a brother's visit he said, "I didn't once think of George's coming to see me—and I can see him so easy—it does not hurt me a mite. It is of no use for me to begin speaking of my mercies, they are so many."

Sabbath day, a week before he died, he had made up his mind would be his last day, and he wished to say a

few words to each of us. He thought "if he was very careful, and we came in separately and quietly, perhaps his strength would hold out almost all day." As in my turn I sat by him, he made some of his usual pleasant remarks about the cologne being a refreshment to him, and then said slowly and softly, "I think it is a great deal better that I should die about this time. If I should live a little longer I should suffer a good deal, and I am willing to suffer if God sees best, but I would rather escape. I used to think it would be very hard to give up living a few years longer in this world, I could not bear to think of leaving my friends. I suppose nobody thinks more of that than I did, but I have no such feelings now. It must be, I think, because I have got my eye fixed on something beyond."

NOTES BY M. A. A.

As his sister Mary was his devoted nurse to the close, and as she has since followed him to the world of spirits, her notes are copied entire.

As there is room enough in this book I insert many things simply because they are recollections of Henry. Some of them, in themselves unimportant, recall an expression of countenance, others the tones of his voice. He was brought home, after riding a few rods, on Tuesday, April 27th. He gave father some trifling reason why he would not ride any longer, that day. In reality, it was I suppose, the last time his failing health would allow him to get into the chaise. He sunk down into the first chair after he entered the house—sat a considerable time without speaking, doubtless in great suffering. At length he reached the couch, and lay down, and after a time expressed his satisfaction that things were

arranged so comfortably for him. It was so nice and still here he must be better. But he continued very much exhausted and cold all the afternoon. That evening father asked him if we should have prayers in his hearing. He said, "yes, I should like to have a short passage from Hebrews read;" and afterwards wished us to read the twenty-third Psalm. His sufferings were so great he was able to have prayers in his room but very few times.

The next morning, Wednesday, Professor Shepard called and conversed and prayed with him. He expressed great satisfaction in the visit, "It is so easy," he said, "to see him, and he looks so sunshiny." Henry came out of his room a little while that afternoon, read the "Whig" &c. Thursday was the most comfortable day after he came home. It seemed that day that he was really better. When he came out of his room he walked to the door and along the piazza to the corner of the house, and stood a few minutes looking at the river. Then he sat a little while in a chair for the last time. The doctor said he was better, and I really thought he was going to get well. He called himself very *nervous*, and we did not talk much with him, excepting about his food and medicine, lest we should disturb him. Our prevailing expectation was that he would get better. We were influenced by our feelings, not by reason. His flesh and strength were wasting every day, perceptibly enough, but still we would not give up the idea that he would rally again. For about ten days, though later every day, he continued to come out and lie upon the couch. Then he said "the doctor thought he was better, for staying in the little room all day, it was so quiet—better not to have the door open much—he did not care about seeing." I asked him if he was ever so weak before. "Not quite," he said. Wednesday, two weeks after he came home, he first spoke to me definitely

about his views of his condition. "He knew," he said, "he was very sick. It would be a miracle if he should recover. There was no reason to expect it, and he knew what it was not to get well." He told me to "tell brother George that his strength was all gone the moment he put him on board the Huntress, and it had never returned again." * * * * * On my saying it was strange we allowed him to go that voyage to Guadeloupe, that we did not see how sick he was, "I don't wonder," he said, "you were all worn out, taking care of poor mother, and I did not want to add to your care and anxiety. And then, perhaps going was the very best thing I could have done. Suffering is good for us." He told me the next day, when he had been alone some time, that he had "been thinking of the effect of suffering in elevating the character." * * * * * He seemed to have made up his mind decidedly, that he should not recover, before he spoke of it, so that the alternations of feeling did not affect his opinion; for when he told me what he thought, I asked him if he felt in any degree comfortable. "*Perfectly*," was his reply, now and several times. It is very pleasant to think that he experienced great relief of the nervous excitement, from having his hands and forehead bathed. He was often quieted in this way—spoke of it as a very great alleviation. So he was composed to sleep many times. Thursday morning, ten days before his death, he said, when I went in, "I have had a nice sleep to-night;" and he seemed more comfortable all day. I thought again he would get well, though I had a shrinking from asking the doctor his opinion. He said several times that day, "You have no idea how weak I am. The doctor does not know."

I told father that evening, I hoped Henry would get

well yet, he seemed much better. Father replied, "He does not expect to be any better." That evening, he was very restless, and after he had seemed at last to get quiet, I heard him, and went down and tried to compose him by brushing his hair, etc. But that was the last night he was without a watcher. He was very sick all night—could not say much about being comfortable. When I went in, in the morning, he was very much distressed and exhausted; said the room had been very close; he did not know what was the matter, but now that he had more air he should feel better. He was covered with a profuse cold perspiration, had failed very much, could not move himself on his pillow. His appetite for everything he had taken was gone; proposed trying an uncooked egg, beaten. I gave it to him with a tea spoon, as I had given him his food for several days. He ate the most of the egg; spoke about Cornaro living on an egg a day. After that he grew more distressed, requested me to give him some morphine. I feared he would sink at once, and asked him if the Saviour seemed near. "That is all settled," was his reply. "I am nothing, and have done nothing good, but through grace, I believe I am a follower of Christ, and he will take care of me. If I haven't much faith, I have enough for to-day, and if I need more to-morrow, I shall have it." Something was said which excited his feelings, and after a great effort, as one might see by his countenance, to repress them, he said, "You must not speak in that way, if you do, I shall lose the little self-control I have. You must be careful to keep very composed, or in a day or two we shall not be able to speak together at all." Once, when I said it seemed as though I might have done more for him than I had, he said, (as what he was probably thinking of) "So it seems to me I might have done something for the cause of Christ, but I have

not." I asked him if I might mention one thing that I was sorry for. "No," he said, "not one thing; we have nothing to *be* sorry for." Friday afternoon, Mrs. Savary came. He was very glad to see her, and talked freely with her as his strength would allow. She asked him if he found it easy to withdraw his mind from this world, and fix it on things above. "I don't *have* to withdraw my mind," he said, "from this world. Other thoughts come. My faith is not *very* strong, but I feel like asking for what I need to-day," and asked "if she thought so many promises would be suggested to his mind, if it were not meant he should apply them in his own case." He said "he had no dread of death. Some people had a great shrinking from the cold grave, but he had no such feeling." That night he spoke of contemplating heaven; said he "could not express all he thought; mentioned some whom he expected to see there; said when he considered the society there, it did not seem much to leave this world." These things, and many others were said in a faint whisper, a word or two at a time. He had been very desirous of seeing brother John, but as we all thought it very doubtful whether he would come that day, and he did not expect to continue any longer, he began, Saturday morning, to say to father what disposition he would have made of his clothing, books, etc. He lay with his eyes shut, and spoke very slowly, in a whisper; said he had very much wished to see John, but it was all well, and then went on to speak with a distinct recollection of every little article; mentioned some things that he thought would suit Aaron. He said to me, "Keep as calm as you can. I understand your feelings, but it will all come right in a few years. You will have *trust* when you come to die. Don't doubt it." All he said was expressive of the liveliest feeling, and the most perfect apprehension and

recollection on every subject. About noon he was removed to the other bed, and was so much exhausted by it, as to be obliged to remain quiet, entirely, for some time. In this state he could have only one person sit by him, bathing his forehead and hands. It was an almost unexpected gratification to us that John came at this time. The phlegm was filling Henry's throat so that he was obliged to be removing it constantly; and then he would try to swallow a little brandy and water, which he did with difficulty. But he was perfectly undisturbed. "How does John do?" he said to me. I told him he looked well. "Calm as a clock, isn't he? that's right." Said he wanted to save his strength that he might talk with John. On that account he should like to live twenty-four hours. Otherwise he did not wish it. He was able to talk considerably in the course of the afternoon. I said to him at evening, "You are glad to see John?" "Don't you believe I am?" he said in a very earnest and pleasant tone. That night Mrs. Savary spoke of doing something to-morrow. He expressed a doubt if he should live till then. "Well, Henry," she said, "it will be a blessed change for you." "It sometimes seems too much to think so, such a sinner as I have been, but the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin." Mrs. Savary said, "I do not know but God is as much glorified in saving such poor sinners as you and I are, as any." "If God is glorified," added Henry, "that is enough."

Sabbath morning as I sat by him a little while, he said something expressive of his interest in my condition after he had left us. I told him that was no matter; if he was happy, that was all I cared for, now. "Well, don't you think I am?" he said. "Do you know what I called the doctor back last night for?" and then told me the inquiry he made of him which is mentioned elsewhere.

"So you see," he said, "everything corroborates my belief in regard to myself." Monday morning he appeared quiet, though very languid; could take a little tea; proposed an ice cream, of which he took very little.

As I sat there, he said, "If it would be pleasanter for you to have me look better, I might have my clothes changed." I replied "They do very well for to-day." "For to-day?" said he; "I do not expect to want clothes many more days."

Monday afternoon Mrs. Wheelwright came to sit with him. He was much pleased to see her, and talked with her in a way very satisfactory to her. She watched with him that night. On Tuesday, as I sat by him, I asked him if he would like to see brother George. "Oh yes," he said, "but I suppose he would not feel as though he could leave home." I told him that perhaps he would come to-morrow. "I have wanted him to come, very much," he said, "but I did not think it was right for me to be asking to have everybody come to *see me*;" and added something as though he felt his mind might be gone, but thought he should be able to see him, "if you let me manage it all; you must not have any plans that will occasion a surprise, for that agitates me." His mind perceptibly wandered more, after the Sabbath. Wednesday and Thursday he saw George as much as he was able. Thursday afternoon, he asked me if I knew that George and John had gone up to Mount Hope on his account, but checked himself, perceiving the allusion was a trying one. When he saw us appear cheerful, he would express his satisfaction by saying, "Everything goes on very pleasantly, doesn't it?" He often asked me to speak in a whisper, saying, "Your voice sounds mournful." Sometimes he would say, "Don't look so sad; there is no reason for looking so; 'twill all come right in a few years."

Friday morning, he asked for brother George. When told he was gone home, he said, "It is all right." He was told "perhaps he will come back next week." "That won't be best," he said. Friday p. m. he said "he would like his tea in his white china cup," adding, "the doctor says everything that is pleasant is good for my nerves." In connection with this he told quite a story about a Capt. Gray, who was at Martinique with him, who had everything very nice in his cabin, and who showed him many kind attentions. I said, "Then you have had some pleasant times, even at sea." "O yes," he said; "I was quite a pet among the sailors." This was the last conversation I had with him of any length, when he seemed to have his recollection perfectly. He was so emaciated that he could scarcely bring his lips together. That afternoon, Mrs. Savary came again. Henry said, "That's grand," and seemed very pleasant till evening, when he became very wandering. Mrs. Savary and S. Johnson sat with him that night. I gave him the last cup of tea, with my own hand, that night at one o'clock. "There's my nice little cup," he said, when I came. I asked him if he knew me. "Perfectly," was his answer. "Have I done anything to impair my reason? Haven't I treated you all with respect?" a question he often asked after his mind became confused. After Saturday morning, he took nothing but ice water and a little brandy. Death was plainly enough doing his work. He was very much distressed and confused, the most of the forenoon, and indeed the whole day. Sometimes he rallied a little. When John told him Professor Shepard had returned, and would come to see him, he said, "That's an unexpected blessing."

Mrs. Savary and S. Johnson again watched with him. Mrs. S. sat watching him a long time, anxious to discover

if any consciousness remained, and yet averse to disturb him by speaking, when he extended his hand and said in a very affectionate tone, "Mrs. Savary." This indication of sensibility and recognition, gave her great pleasure.

On the Sabbath, he was so changed that I only glanced at him. "What shall a man do," he said once, "in such distress as I am." Though his mind was bewildered, he was aware of his circumstances. At evening, hearing a carriage pass, he expressed a wish that some one would go out and ask them to stop; for, said he, "there is a dying man here, you may tell them, who wants to be taken home." I heard his groans at ten that evening, and prepared some baths; which was the last thing I did for him. I asked several times if he was sinking, and was answered in the affirmative. At length I asked if he was gone, and John said "Just." It was 4 1-2 Monday morning.

NOTES BY G. E. A.

"The fact is, I have so many kind friends working around me, and so many things to make me comfortable, that really it is a pretty fine thing to be sick, after all. And what is the best of all, I have such support. It is what I never expected, and sometimes I don't know what to make of it. But it comes every day, just as much as I need, and that is all I want."

"If I were to be proud of any thing, it would be of our father. He has seen a great many lions in his day. He makes me think of Great-Heart. When he crosses the river, and comes to the city, he will walk right up—like—like one that belongs there."

NOTES BY J. C. A.

The Sabbath but one before his death, he said, "Tell brother George and Aaron, that I hope to meet them in the better land one of these days; that some how or other I have great faith and peace. That I believe it is in answer to prayer—to the prayers of my friends—though I don't trust in that—not a mite—but I believe that God answers prayer."

"It is a great comfort to me that I can remember everything just as well—that I know you all as well as ever I did. Tell them (his friends generally) that I should like to be well enough to write them one letter all round, but it is not best; God does not permit me to, and they know what I would say to them."

"I have lived so far from Christ, and yet I am supported as if I had been an old, hard-working christian."

"Tell George I hope he will hold out to preach in his new house a great while, but he must be careful; he is apt to do too much."

"Get all the children a nice book—or perhaps something they would keep longer would be better—something pretty."

"Nobody knows Mary as well as I do—she's worth her weight in gold. She's a dear sister."

"If I were to feel proud about anything it would be about father. I don't trust in his prayers—but it is right for me to a little—because, you know the promise is 'to thee and to thy seed.' It is a great comfort to me to see him so supported. I always knew he would be."

Speaking of friends whom he expected to meet in heaven, he said, "I remember cousin Hannah, her looks and the tones of her voice, just as though I saw her yesterday." "Mother'll be all right." On Monday, I said

to him, "you don't mind much a gale of wind, if it blows you toward your port. Every pain you feel helps you on in the same way toward heaven." "Yes," he replied, "and there is no danger in making the land when bound to that port. Many a poor fellow, by some slight mistake, has been wrecked in sight of his own fireside. But on this voyage, we have a pilot on board who will be sure to take us in safely."

Tuesday. Henry says, "It is strange that I should hold out so." Father replied, "God is preparing you to go, and when you are prepared, he will take you away."

Henry answered, "I have nothing to do about it—that's pleasant. I don't feel as much as David did when he said, great peace have they that love thy law—but I have a little of it. I know I love the law."

"It is the greatest wonder to me that I enjoy such peace. It must come from above—it must be because it pleases God. Nothing in this world could give it—my friends could not give it—there must be an unseen friend with me."

"At sea we have many long, cold, boisterous nights; we labor till we are very tired, and then dare not close our eyes. We know not what will come next. But there is no night there."

"I never felt so pleasantly before in setting off on a journey. It is not because I am better than others. I talk so much that sometimes I appear ridiculous, but I want to improve such poor faculties as I have, in letting others know how pleasant it is to have no will but God's will. Should be glad to see all my young friends and tell them about it."

Friday morning. Father asked, "Do you still enjoy

peace?" "Yes, it comes from God; none but God could give it."

"Do you think I shall stand it more than to-day? I don't worry about it any way. I am willing it should be just as God pleases—though I should like to be spared pain as much as possible—there is no harm in that, is there?" "No; Christ prayed that if it were possible, the cup might pass from him." "Yes; he was in very different circumstances from what I am. He had a great burden to carry."

"I glorify the power, and the beauty, and the excellency of the gospel, as much, perhaps, by a calm and quiet death, as I should if I sweat great drops of blood."

"I am naturally timid where I am not acquainted, but I feel so happy trusting in Christ, that——"

Alluding to the last moments of life, he said, "I don't think I shall suffer much—feel as though I had been treated with remarkable kindness in everything."

"How beautifully the birds sing. It seems strange that they should keep up their notes about me so."

"You expect to be at rest soon?" "Yes, I have nothing to worry about. I trust all to Christ."

"All God's dealings with me, instead of trying me, seem, as it were, to hold me up."

"Although I am so low, I feel as though it were outrageous to keep you going so for me. But I feel as though everything that you do for me were cementing the friendship between us, which shall never cease."

"What is Mary doing this afternoon? waiting on me I suppose. What a job it is to take care of a sick man."

"There is a song in four parts, which I wish you to hear, sometime—'Rest spirit, rest'—it goes beautifully."

"Birds and flowers were never so pleasant to me as now."

Friday evening, he seemed in a somewhat dreamy but very happy state of mind. "You don't say I am dying now? Because if this is dying, the sooner the better."

"I am as comfortable as can be. I don't owe any man anything but peace and good will. That's comfortable, isn't it?"

This evening, his thoughts were frequently upon matters pertaining to his business, as a sailor.

"Are we ready to sail?" he asked. "Isn't it time to get under way? Is the pilot on board?" And, during his seasons of bodily distress, and mental wandering, between this time and his last apparent consciousness, his trouble seemed to turn upon similar points. He thought at times, that his vessel had been taken out of port by some one who had no authority to do so, and he wished her taken back. To get into port, was the desire frequently expressed during the last thirty-six hours of pain and weakness, mental and bodily.

Saturday forenoon, after an uncomfortable night, and much reduced by suffering, he still retained his self-possession, and both directed what was to be done for him, and assisted himself in a variety of ways. "Good night, Doctor," he said this forenoon, "you have done what you could."

Saturday p. m. Professor Shepard called to see him, and this interview was, I think, the last occasion on which he was capable of any continuous mental effort.

When I was called, at about five or six Sunday morning, he was in great pain, particularly in his legs. After some change in his position, he became easier, and during the day, he lay in a condition which appeared intermediate between quiet and deep sleep, and exhaustion or stupor; at times he seemed to be in severe pain. He said but little in a rational way, though father reports a few sentences: "God is very good to us." "Trust in God. He will never leave us."

At about 7 P. M., he was moved to the other bed for the last time. After his head touched the pillow, it was never moved while he lived, excepting once or twice when it was supported a little for him to drink, soon after he was moved. He suffered some pain and uneasiness, and gave directions as to what he wished done for his relief. At about 8 1-2 o'clock, he drank for the last time a little iced water and brandy, and this, I think, must have been about the last of his consciousness. He lay till twelve, in a position which must have been uncomfortable in an ordinary state, and fearing that he would suffer from it when he should awake, Mr. Wheelwright and I made a considerable change in his posture, without any notice on his part. At half past one he groaned in a manner indicative of great suffering. This was over in two or three minutes, and there were but two or three slight expressions of pain after that. He began to breathe with great rapidity, for a few respirations at a time, and then there was an entire cessation. This was repeated several times. At three, Mr. Wheelwright thought he could survive not more than five minutes, and father was called. An occasional hiccough came on—there were a few slight gasps, and, at half past four, as he lay breathing gently, we noticed that the expiration was not followed by an inspiration, and, at Mr. W's suggestion,

laying my hand on his heart and his wrist, I discovered that all motion had ceased. The spirit had departed.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

The most affecting circumstance, to me, in the course of his sickness, after I reached home, was the perfect patience with which, in his state of extreme exhaustion and nervous sensitiveness, he bore the suffering which was inflicted, simply by our want of skill at times, in moving him, arranging his pillows, etc. Several times he suffered much from our protracted, and, for the time, unavailing efforts to get him into the right position. His countenance wore an expression of anguish, but no syllable of impatience escaped his lips. Sometimes he would beg to be allowed to rest a little, before another attempt, and once I saw him cover his face with the sheet, as if to conceal his tears—I do not know that he shed any—but through all, he possessed his soul in patience. Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. Henry found it so. But his admirable example of patient suffering, and unfaltering self-command, while reason continued, is almost beyond the hope of successful imitation. With God all things are possible; and that would be my only hope of suffering and dying as he did.

Two or three days before his last, as he was slowly sipping ice water—he held the cup himself, and often, toward the close when he seemed almost unconscious—he said, “I will tell you presently, why ‘ice’ sounds so pleasantly to me.”

He then proceeded to tell me of his being becalmed, on his last passage to Wilmington, under Guadaloupe, for several days; no water that the men could drink—in constant apprehension lest a fever should appear among them—while he, too weak to be on his feet, and not dar-

ing to lie down during the day, lest he should be exhausted by perspiration, sat in his arm chair, day after day—his whole power of self-control in requisition to keep himself, in his bodily weakness and under a complication of the most trying circumstances, on the right side of the line which separates reason from insanity.

We shall never know, in this life, the extent of his sufferings, but we rejoice in the confidence that they are now working out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

One evening, as he was sipping iced water and feeling pretty comfortable, he said something about getting "double interest." On asking his meaning, he said if I would sit down close by him he would tell me an interesting story. He then went on to give me an account, which I had heard from him in substance, when in health, of a poor little deformed Spanish boy, at Matanzas or Havanna, I forget which, whose father was dead, and whose mother was poor and sick, and the other children, I believe, deformed, who used to come, on certain days of the week, to the place where American ship-masters were in the habit of congregating, to receive their benefactions, and thus he gained his livelihood; for they were all interested in him, and if there were any penurious, close-fisted fellow among them, he soon found it best to give with the rest. The story, prefaced by some statements regarding the condition of the poor there, and the want of any adequate legal provision for their support, was told word by word, very slowly and deliberately, and in a very low, but distinct voice. When Henry had finished, I questioned him upon a point of which he had lost sight—the connection of these facts with his expression about "double interest." "As to that," he said, "I don't speak of it as any merit, but it is a great pleasure to me to think that I

never allowed any such poor object to pass without giving him something, so long as I had any change, if it were but a cent."

On one occasion when Henry was lying in a kind of somnolent state, he said something indistinctly about the victory. I asked him who giveth us the victory? "Christ giveth us the victory—nobody else." Then, as if correcting himself, added—"God giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

He expressed a preference for being buried in the dress of a sailor, but said he would not insist upon it, for two reasons—because it might seem designed to attract notice, and because, if he did insist upon it we might think him a little wandering—which might occasion us some unhappiness. "I bless God," he said emphatically, "that I know perfectly well what I am about." It was evident, however, that he was not exactly himself, though entirely coherent, for the most part, in what he said. There seemed to be a semi-unconsciousness of the presence of others—though he asked questions and made answers regularly—which imparted, if possible, additional truthfulness to his expressions of religious feeling, and to the sort of soliloquizing account which he gave of his religious experience in various situations in which he had been placed.

The whole impression upon the minds of those with him, was of the pleasantest and most satisfactory character, and entirely favorable to the belief that his conduct had been that of a consistent christian. "Captain Adams," some acquaintance would say to him, "I suspect that you are a professor of religion." "I am almost ashamed to confess it," he would reply, "my life is so far from what it ought to be, but it is true, I am." When a stranger is suspected of being a christian, especially when that stranger is a sailor, most likely the suspicion is well founded.



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